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## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK.

REAT men, like the Colossus, often appear to the best advantage when viewed from a distance. A closer approach frequently discloses a multitude of blemishes which are painful in proportion to the magnitude of the object they disfigure. Such, however, was not the case with the illustrious subject of this imperfect sketch. If the figure was gigantic it owed none of its apparent perfection of form to the mellowing influences of the perspective. Its finish was as flawless as the exquisite chiselling of an antique intaglio. As a distinguished friend, who had known him long and intimately, once remarked to me, "Judge Black was the only *great* man I ever saw whose greatness grew upon me every time I met him." I was honored with his friendship—and during the greater part of the time with his familiar confidence—through the last fifteen years of his life, and I can not remember that I was ever in his company when I was not surprised by the unconscious display of some new phase of his marvelous, many-sided mind, or of some brilliant gem from his vast and varied stores of learning.

I met him first in 1867. He was then at the meridian of his fifty-eighth year, and in the very zenith of his intellectual splendor. His commanding person and the majesty of his countenance would have marked his presence among a million. The measure of his fame was full. He had achieved an early and enviable distinction as a lawyer, orator, and essayist. He had adorned the bench as chief justice of Pennsylvania, and left among the crown jewels of his native State a series of judicial opinions which for accuracy of learning, soundness of principle, precision of thought and clearness of expression are not surpassed in the juridical literature of English-speaking people. He had been appointed Attorney General of the United States without the slightest solicitation on his own part, but solely on account of his spotless integrity as a man, and his matchless ability as a lawyer. He had discharged the difficult duties of that great office in a manner which had left him without a peer among his predecessors. He had presided over the Department of State

with equal distinction, though under the most trying circumstances known to the history of his country. After more than twenty years of public service, distinguished alike for its diligence and its efficiency, he had retired to private life "with clean but empty hands,"—without a stain upon his escutcheon, and without a dollar in his pocket. When the madness of a licentious faction, drunk with success, threatened to sweep away the last bulwark of personal security to be found in the Constitution he had, without the hope of fee or reward, stepped forward as the champion of popular freedom, and won the eternal gratitude of all lovers of liberty everywhere by a sublime defense of the right of the people to the protection of the laws, which stands unequaled, and will probably remain forever without a parallel in the judicial annals of mankind. Yet with all this—towering as he did, like a son of Anak among those around him, his name on every tongue, and himself the cynosure of every eye—when I got close enough to Judge Black I found him to be among the gentlest, kindest, and most lovable of men; apparently as little affected by the consciousness of his own tremendous powers or of his world-wide fame as a little child.

It is not the purpose of this brief paper to present anything like an elaborate analysis of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, even if I were capable of such a task under the most favorable circumstances. The critical student can, no doubt, do that better for himself, after a careful study of his speeches, essays, and judicial opinions, which have not only become part of the classic literature of our language, but have achieved for their author a distinguished place among the most illustrious orators, jurists and statesmen the world has ever produced. It is my design, rather, to record here such impressions concerning his peculiar mental and moral characteristics as I derived from personal observation during several years of familiar social intercourse.

That Judge Black was a genius of very high order goes without saying; but his was the genius of unusually strong common sense, coupled with a sturdy, independent will, and impelled by a taste for careful and patient investigation. He was gifted, too, with a memory of prodigious capacity which was never impaired by habits of intellectual dissipation, but improved through life, perhaps, by the constant practice of close and laborious concentration of thought upon whatever matter he may have had in hand. Whatever he considered worth learning he learned thoroughly. He not only digested what he read, but assimilated what he digested. An early associate at the bar, comparing him with four other lawyers of the same forum who had achieved a

marked distinction in their profession, has said ; " Judge Black devoted himself to the acquisition of a *scientific* knowledge of the law. He studied it as a science more than any of them, and in that way rose to the acknowledged head of the American bar."

My hypothesis is, however, more fully sustained, perhaps, by a fact concerning his early habits of study which he related to me himself. Having heard him make a most apt quotation from Horace in the course of one of his marvelously entertaining conversations, I asked him how he had managed to retain his Latin so well. " I haven't *managed* at all," he replied ; " I studied Horace between the plow handles. I would first commit the text of one of his odes to memory and repeat it over and over again until I had it perfectly. I would next throw it into an *ordo* of which I made a literal translation, which I likewise committed to memory ; and then I threw my translation into hexameter verse. It was rather poor verse, perhaps, but in that way both the Latin text and the translation became so interwoven with the fiber of my brain that I have never forgotten either."

Although an omnivorous reader, at least so far as wholesome or harmless literature was concerned, there were some books for which he seemed to have an especial and insatiate fondness. First among these stood the Bible ; next Shakespeare, and then Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The last he did not quote so frequently, although he was fond of referring to a magnificent copy of that great epic as the choicest treasure in his library, but with the first two his whole mental being seemed to be thoroughly saturated—so completely so, indeed, that I have no doubt he could have readily repeated the greater portion of either of them word for word. Peculiar turns of expression, and frequently entire sentences from both, dropped into his extemporeaneous speeches and social conversations, as they often appeared in the more finished productions of his pen, as naturally as the most familiar phrases in the vernacular. Nor were these mere stock quotations, grown threadbare from frequent use, as is too often the case, but seemed to the hearer to have been coined expressly for the thought as it leaped fresh from the speaker's brain. With his speech fashioned upon such models from his youth up, it is little wonder that he had so few, if any, equals in the use of his mother tongue.

For the Constitution of the United States he seemed almost to have the veneration of a devotee, and it may be mentioned here, as an illustration of the surprising tenacity of his memory, that he could repeat the entire instrument with absolute accuracy from end to end, either backward or forward. It was

not the mere text of that venerable document, however, that he had made his own. He had pondered every provision it contained over and over and over again until he had become so thoroughly imbued with its spirit in every particular that it seemed to be a part of his very being; so much so that he not only regarded the slightest violation of any of its provisions as a crime against the liberties of his country, but seemed to feel it with the same keen sensibility with which he would have resented a personal outrage upon himself. To this circumstance we must mainly attribute the amazing analysis, the restless logic, the wealth of historic illustration, the pleading pathos, the biting satire, and the avalanche of burning invective employed in what I consider the most wonderful outburst of forensic eloquence ever heard among men—his immortal defense of the constitutional rights of the citizen before the Supreme Court in the memorable case *ex parte* Milligan.

In fact, Judge Black was intensely earnest in everything to which he gave his attention, especially if the subject had fully engaged the tremendous powers of his mind. He investigated calmly, carefully and patiently, but his conclusions once fairly reached were as immutable as the rock-ribbed hills. This was particularly so with regard to questions of politics, ethics or religion. His opinions on such subjects when deliberately formed were matters of conscience, as well as the results of intelligent research and dispassionate reasoning. They were not mere abstractions, but became to him the fixed rules of public and private conduct, which nothing short of absolute conviction could cause him to vary, and no temptation induce him to violate. He recognized to its fullest extent, however, the right of private judgment concerning such matters in all men, and while he was firm in his own convictions his tolerance of the honest opinions of others amounted to the tenderest respect. For such he had no word of reproach, no syllable of satire. If he could not change them by kind remonstrance or legitimate argument, his sense of justice was too delicate to permit him to inflict an unnecessary wound upon the sensibilities of the humblest or most misguided of his fellow-men. But woe to the disgusting sham, the miserable hypocrite, the false pretender or the willful wrong-doer of any description who came in his way! For all such he carried a whip of scorpions, and nothing delighted him more than to apply the lash to that class of detestable miscreants whenever occasion required.<sup>4</sup>

Of Judge Black as a jurist I, of course, know nothing more than I have learned from his published opinions, the recollections of those who from personal association were familiar

with his conduct on the bench, and the fact, already mentioned, that he was selected for the position of Attorney General of the United States solely on account of his extraordinary legal ability and his invincible integrity. But all such sources of information aside, from my own knowledge of the man, I would not hesitate to apply to him the language employed by himself in his eloquent tribute to the memory of Judge Gibson—for years his illustrious associate upon the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania: "He was inflexibly honest. The judicial ermine was as unspotted when he laid it aside as when he first assumed it. I do not mean to award him that commonplace integrity which it is no honor to have, but simply a disgrace to want. He was not only incorruptible, but scrupulously, delicately, conscientiously free from all willful wrong either in thought, word or deed."

Of his style of writing it is, perhaps, unnecessary that I should lengthen this paper by a single word. The choicest fruits of his genius have long been the property of an enlightened public, and the consensus of critical opinion has pronounced them without a parallel in the controversial or forensic literature of our language, whether as to brilliancy of thought or beauty of expression. They have been pronounced richer in rhetoric than the most polished productions of Macaulay, and more pungent and powerful than the finished invectives of Junius. I trust I will be pardoned, however, if I add that in the affectionate eulogium upon his dead friend and associate to which I have just referred, he unconsciously furnished the best critique upon his own style that could possibly be written.

"His language was a transcript of his mind. It gave the world the very form and pressure of his thoughts. It was accurate, because he knew the exact boundaries of the principles he discussed. His mental vision took in the whole outline, and all the details of the case, and with a bold and steady hand he painted what he saw. He made others understand him, because he understood himself. . . . His style was rich, but he never turned out of his way for figures of speech. He never sacrificed sense to sound, or preferred ornament to substance. If he reasoned much by comparison, it was not to make his composition brilliant, but clear. He spoke in metaphors often; not because they were sought, but because they came to his mind unbidden. He never thought of display, and seemed totally unconscious that he had the power to make any. . . . His words were always precisely adapted to the subject. He said neither more nor less than just the thing he ought. He had one faculty of a great poet—that of expressing a thought in language which could never afterward be paraphrased."

Of his manner of oral utterance—forensic as well as colloquial—I am somewhat prepared to speak from personal observation, as I had the good fortune to hear him repeatedly at the bar of the Supreme Court and elsewhere. Nevertheless, I very much doubt my ability to convey a perfect idea of his style, and especially of his rare power as public speaker. Ben Jonson, speaking of the oratory of Lord Bacon, says: "His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his will. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." And such precisely was the impression made upon me by the speaking of Judge Black; and in that particular I was by no means singular. At the conclusion of one of his great arguments before the Supreme Court I asked one of the judges why every member of the court seemed always to pay so much more marked attention to the speeches of Judge Black than to those of other distinguished counsel whom I had frequently heard at their bar. "We are really afraid to look away from him," said he, "for fear we shall lose some good thing; some brilliant thought; some quaint conceit; some rich scintillation of poetry; some apt illustration from history; some flash of wit; some racy bit of humor, or some startling explosion of eloquence. And besides, there is always a chain of logic running through his speeches in which all these things seem to be indispensable links, not one of which we can afford to lose. And yet there appears to be no predetermined method in his speech at all. Without any apparent design he awakens our curiosity at the very outset, and what he says seems to grow right out of the case as he goes along, and so naturally that we feel it would be impossible to argue it in any other way."

Attorney General Garland, referring to his remarkable power as an advocate, said, "He not only became his client, but his client's cause. He was wrapped up and lost in it. He moved and acted in it. So great was his earnestness and power of assertion I have fancied I could see the convictions of judges giving away reluctantly before him and surrendering to him as he spoke." And herein I think we may find the secret of his amazing strength as a public speaker. He was earnest, as I have said, in everything that engaged his attention, but in speaking his earnestness was the calm, deep earnestness of deliberate and settled conviction, which never wrecks itself upon vehement but empty declamation. His "power of assertion" did not consist in bold and clamorous vociferation, but in the simple, but sincere, statement of the truth as he understood it. He sought

nothing from the artificial aids of studied elocution, but seemed to forget entirely his own personality, as well as that of his audience, and give up his whole soul, mind and strength to the subject before him.

Measured, in fact, by the standard of the mere elocutionist, he could scarcely be called an orator at all. There was not a particle of melody in his voice, and he made no attempt at any of the rhythmical effects of enunciation or emphasis. He affected nothing of grace, either in pose or gesture. In the midst of his mightiest efforts he carelessly twirled the silver tobacco box he constantly carried in his hand, and leisurely moved from place to place about the bar, while the richest gems of wisdom and eloquence were falling like a meteoric shower from his lips. He seemed as artless as a child, and the most commonplace expressions in our language took on the lambent blaze of poetic beauty as he spoke right out the thought that was in his mind with the childlike candor natural to his ingenuous, manly nature.

It is true there was a peculiar charm in the language he employed which could neither be resisted nor described, but that charm resulted from its sheer simplicity and its exact adaptation to the idea intended to be conveyed. His logic might be as keen as the glittering scimitar of Saladin, or as trenchant as the ponderous battle-axe of *Cœur de Lion*, but it was always couched in words that could be comprehended by the commonest understanding. His argument might melt into the tenderest pathos, or sparkle with the most caustic satire; it might beam with good-humored raillery, or thunder with the terrible invective which he alone could command, yet he appeared to take no more thought of the structure of his sentences than of the pose of his person or the expression of his face. His eloquence was the sublime eloquence of nature itself which welled up, without art or effort of his own, from the fathomless depths of his earnest soul, and with the steady flow of a mighty torrent kept due on in its majestic course, sweeping everything before its resistless tide.

I observed one peculiarity in the legal arguments of Judge Black which it may, perhaps, be well to mention here. He rarely referred to what it has become fashionable with the profession to call "authorities." When he cited an adjudicated case it was apt to be one that was, to some extent at least, actually binding upon the Court; and those he generally quoted from memory. I can not recall a single instance, indeed, in which I ever saw him read from a book to verify the accuracy of his statement of a point that had been decided or a principle which had been established, although he invariably cited volume and

page when he referred to a decision or text book at all. His mind, however, was so completely imbued with the philosophy of enlightened jurisprudence and so thoroughly familiar with its practical application under our own system of judicial administration, that it was scarcely necessary for him to seek to enforce his own views by the reasoning or opinions of others who were perhaps far less competent to reach a just conclusion on any subject than he was himself. As has often been said of him, his mere statement of a legal proposition was frequently so clear that it obviated the necessity of either argument or illustration. It may be added, also, especially for the benefit of my younger brethren of the bar who would emulate the life of this great lawyer, that his professional, as well as his personal deportment, was always distinguished by the most delicate courtesy towards both bench and bar. In this he made no distinction of person. The only passport to his regard was unsullied integrity. With that "open sesame" the humblest tyro and the Nestor of the forum shared equally in his courteous respect and kindly offices. This is not alluded to here, however, as a matter of any special credit to *him*, for he could not have done otherwise if he would. It was impossible from his very nature for him to have done an unkind or discourteous act, and to that particular trait in his character may be traced much of that universal regard for him among his professional associates which in many instances amounted almost to the fondness of filial affection.

He seemed to have as little conception of the value of his services as he had of his legal ability. Another with less than a tithe of his learning and skill as a lawyer might have easily become a millionaire upon the practice he enjoyed; but with him the fee was the last thing thought of, if he thought of it at all. As one who knew him better than any one else has said: "His professional ethics were grounded upon doctrines seldom recalled in this sordid age when the noble science of the law is so frequently prostituted to mammon. He gave his services freely whenever the rights of the public or the liberties of men were in jeopardy, feeling that he owed his professional skill not only to organized society, but to every individual in need of it, and especially to those who were most in need of it and least able to pay." He kept no books of account, and generally left the amount of his compensation to be determined by the honor or gratitude of his client, or, where obliged to fix his fee himself, often named a sum which lawyers of inferior merit would have laughed at as ridiculously inadequate to the services rendered. It is not surprising, therefore, that perhaps by far the greater proportion of what he honestly earned and was justly entitled to was lost

through a mistaken charity to many who neither deserved nor needed it, and the disgraceful cupidity of others who did not scruple to take advantage of his easy indulgence to rob him of a fair compensation for the benefits they had received from his patient labor and unexampled skill. He nevertheless secured from his practice a modest competency which enabled him to enjoy all the grateful pleasures of a comfortable and charming home, where it was his supreme delight to lavish the treasures of his heart upon his refined and affectionate family, and to dispense a hospitality as easy and elegant as it was cordial and open-handed.

*J. Proctor Knott.*

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## PROPHECY.

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### I.

THE gentle breezes softly blow ;  
The evening shadows come and go ;  
But night succeeds the afterglow,  
Beloved !

### II.

Rose censers sweep the purpling air ;  
The cloistered violets kneel in prayer ;  
Nor reck they my heart's mute despair,  
Beloved !

### III.

For I alone can lift the screen  
Of light and shade that hangs between  
The future and this tranquil scene,  
Beloved.

*Lollie Belle Wylie.*

## THREE POOR SOULS.



VELYN PAUL was searching in the tray of her trunk for a hat-pin. As she industriously stirred up the ribbons and laces, collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, her friend, Caroline Spence, laughed, drew near and dropped a kiss on her vivid cheek.

"My dear Evelyn, how I love you."

"How could you help it?" in mock astonishment. And the fact was, very few could. She was a bright-faced, attractive girl, rich and generous, sunny-tempered and lovable; with a well-set, intellectual head covered with silky black hair, sparkling blue eyes, and a charming mouth.

Her mother having died at her birth, Evelyn's father boarded her

with his landlady, who dressed her regularly in the evening when he came home, and took no thought of her on any other occasion. The child practically raised herself. She skipped all of the infantile diseases and grew into a lanky schoolgirl, studying her lessons with such diligence that she had brain fever at the age of ten. On recovery she was left such a nervous little scrap that her father thought physical exercise, such as going to dancing school, would be of great benefit to her. The child's frank, yet prim, manners and quaint turns of speech made her the delight of the doting mammas and aunties who accompanied their "wee-folks," and Evelyn grew accustomed to hearing herself talked about. Honorable child that she was, she never

listened on purpose, but in the cloak-room one day, as she was buttoning her shoes, she heard a lady's voice outside the screen :

"Caroline, did you notice that old-fashioned child with the brown velvet dress and immense lace cuffs ? Mrs. Thompson tells me she is Everett Paul's daughter. I wish I had known he lived here. I did not know he had left New Orleans. Evelyn Beauvais and I were intimate friends. She was the dearest and most generous girl I ever met, but she went crazy and died when this little girl was born. You must never mention it to the child. I daresay she doesn't know."

"Doesn't her father want her to know, mamma ?"

"No, of course not. Her grandfather died insane, and the last I heard of her aunt Belle she was in some kind of a sanitarium. Tie your hat strings on the side, my dear. You are growing quite stylish. Remember what I say, and never speak of it. She will find it out soon enough. Poor Evelyn ; she was so gay. *Life is sad.*"

"Oh, mamma, will the little girl go crazy, too ?"

"Yes, yes ; I suppose so. It runs in the family."

"Poor little girl," murmured the child softly; and then her mother and she walked off.

Little Evelyn Paul, behind the screen, breathed hard. Beyond the idea that "papa didn't want her to know," she could hardly think. She curled up in his arms that evening with her purple face hid in his neck, and said her throat was sore. He petted her and made her take some cough medicine. By morning, yesterday seemed a horrid dream, only she could not forget it.

The next week, at dancing school, Caroline Spence, a slender, ladylike child, a couple of years older than herself, came up and spoke to her shyly. Her sweet, tender ways soothed little Evelyn's heart, for she felt that Caroline understood and was sorry. The children became devotedly attached to each other.

As warned by her mother, Caroline "never spoke of it," but Evelyn could think of nothing else. "You are going to go crazy," and "No, I *will* not," racked her brain with dread and doubt. Night after night she sobbed herself to sleep with throbbing head and swelling heart. Her mind, from sheer fatigue, sometimes ceased its undercurrent of thought for weeks, but it always began again. With all her young will-power she tried to quit "thinking double," but in vain. She grew restless and irritable, but her father, who saw very little of her, failed to notice anything wrong, for she endeavored to be bright before him.

The poor heart-broken child reached her fifteenth year without a particle of ambition about her studies, and without the slightest wish to live. She was thoroughly wretched. One Saturday evening her father brought home a heavy, expensive hat, and said she should wear it to-morrow and they would go to church among the bon-tons. It was Evelyn's habit to go to one church until she disliked it and then try another. She never made the least pretense of listening to any sermon, but the preacher was young and handsome, and she eyed him listlessly as he gave out his text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

Had the young minister some deep bitterness of heart which the unction of Divine love had healed? The tears rolled down Evelyn's cheeks as her strained ear caught his comforting words. Blessed child, that she had faith left! She felt Christ had afflicted her for good, pitied her sufferings, and what else mattered? She felt willing to be an epileptic, or anything, and until the time came He would take care of her, and afterwards.

"What was the matter with my little daughter?" inquired her father when they reached home.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck and hugging him close. "I have been so miserable and wicked. I've known for ages about my mother, and never told you. Oh, I have been so afraid of myself. Tell me about my dear mamma. Why don't you speak, papa?"

Mr. Paul's face was hidden in his hand.

"My Evelyn, my ewe-lamb, my poor little daughter."

He trembled slightly, and the girl vaguely felt that she had but rolled the load from her own soul on to his. She smoothed his thick, bushy, iron-gray hair, and after awhile he found voice to tell her the short, pathetic story of her mother's life; how he fell in love at first sight with the haughty Southern beauty; his impetuous wooing of her; their honeymoon; her subsequent illness and death that left his little daughter motherless to be raised in his clumsy care. The father and daughter wept and comforted each other.

Mr. Paul had always been an indulgent, if preoccupied, father, and his heart smote him when he thought of the anguish she had suffered alone. He sought by all means in his power to divert her mind, and gratified her every whim. But the girl's deepest sorrow had passed away with that Sunday morning sermon. She eagerly stifled any recurrence of thought to the dreaded topic that had filled her soul with such gloom, and her naturally buoyant disposition asserted itself.

Her father uneasily watched her growing into tall, graceful

young womanhood, with her ways—her mother's ways—so inimitably sweet to him that they wrung his heart. Evelyn could never quite kiss away the foreboding wrinkle that had come between his anxious eyes.

After a brilliant career at college, she returned home, to find Caroline Spence enthusiastic over a delightful plan she had arranged; she and Evelyn were to go North and spend the summer at the sea. Mr. Paul had said so, for compelled to travel all the summer on business he could easily take them there and bring them home. To Mr. Paul the seaside meant either Asbury Park or Bar Harbor, but the young ladies selected a little out-of-the-way summer resort, primitive and picturesque, on the Maine coast, where chaperones, being entirely unnecessary, were unheard-of institutions.

The friendship of Evelyn and Caroline had strengthened with years. Mrs. Spence, a worldly widow, with two other children, had fostered it at first—let us hope without a latent desire to secure the wealthy Mr. Paul as a second partner.

The hat-pin found at length, Evelyn pinned on her crimson felt, and armed with paint boxes, shawls and umbrellas, the two girls wandered off on the edge of the rocks, away from the gaily painted cottages that formed a glittering crescent on the bright blue bay, and on up the coast. They seated themselves under a clump of spicy fir-trees, whose heavenward pointing spires threw sharp shadows in the brilliant sun.

"My soul to-day is far away," hummed Caroline, as she took out her paint brushes.

Evelyn gazed dreamily on the white sails drifting by and sighed. \*

"And to think I used to be so sad, with so many beautiful things in the world. I could not be sorrowful now, if I tried."

"Because you possess the resources of a cultivated mind. But who comes here?" stopping short as a spiritless young woman came into view.

She walked slowly, apparently taking a dim enjoyment in crunching the slippery seaweed beneath her feet. The brisk breeze blew her dead-looking light-brown hair freely about, and noisily flapped the folds of her faded tan-colored dress. When at length she observed the two young girls before her, she faced about in the direction she came.

Evelyn called out, pleasantly: "We are not ogres, guarding a pass. Please go on in your rambles."

The faded young woman smiled, and Caroline Spence noticed how pale she was.

"Are you ill, or is it lack of tan?" she asked kindly. "Will you not sit down and rest?"

She accepted the invitation by silently dropping down on a corner of the gay afghan, while Evelyn traced their names in the sand at her feet. "With our compliments," laughed she.

"I am Nora Holihan, and a school-teacher," with apparent frankness. "My mother and I came day before yesterday. We don't know anybody as yet."

"Oh, you'll get acquainted in a few days," said Evelyn, cheerily. "We have only been here a week and know everybody on the place. Did you come for your health?"

"Yes," sighing a little.

"Ah!" both the young ladies stole soft, pitying glances at her, and Evelyn reached her a shawl.

Her face was not wholly unattractive, though the skin was drawn too tightly across her overhanging forehead and protruding chin, and her head was too large for her slender neck; but one forgot this, because of her restless, keen-glancing eyes, shining with intelligence.

Evelyn had quickly summed her up as either "taking life too hard" or else "awfully poor."

Caroline did not like her. Though she bore the distant and reserved air that sensitive people who battle with poverty frequently assume, her voice had false, insinuating notes in it. Caroline had seen her friend "worked" so often, by people who liked her with selfish motives. Even then Miss Holihan was remarking that "she would love to know how to paint."

"Would you?" inquired Evelyn, kindly. "I have another paint-box in my trunk that you can have. We will teach you; it's just as easy—that is, if you have talent," roguishly.

Miss Holihan's face glowed as she thanked her warmly. Unaccustomed to the society of girls of wealth and leisure, she imagined them all overbearing and conceited; but had Evelyn and her friend been of that stamp, and neither bright nor winning, she would have overlooked the lack of many gracious qualities for the service their recognition would be to her.

She made herself entertaining. Evelyn and Caroline were never anything else. They laughed and quarrelled, scolded and made up in a truly delightful manner. On a slight criticism from her friend Evelyn poked her parasol through the picture she had been painting and swashed it up and down in the waves.

"It is finished now," with satisfaction, "which is more than can be said of most of my productions."

Miss Holihan laughed noisily. It was partly through nervousness, but it pleased Caroline, who had about concluded that Eastern people never laughed heartily. She invited her to go

rowing with them the next morning, and Miss Holihan's cheeks reddened with pleasure as she accepted.

Immediately after breakfast the following day the three young ladies hastened down to the beach

"The boats are full of water," exclaimed Evelyn, going from one to another. "Isn't it provoking?"



"THERE IS MR. COLE COMING. HE WILL TURN ONE OVER FOR US."

"There is Mr. Cole coming. He will turn one over for us," said Caroline. "Have you met him, Miss Holihan?"

"No," replied she, turning to observe him.

"Simply horrid," averred Evelyn.

Mr. Cole, a sun-burned young man of about six and twenty, advanced, whistling a college song.

"Want the boat emptied?" with cordial bows. "To be sure, I'll do it. Women are not much good in this world without

men," as he heaved it over and shoved it into the water.  
"Jump in, jump in, now; it's all ready."

Caroline thanked him, but Evelyn corrected his rhetoric and manners as they stepped unaided into the rocking boat.

"Why do you not say, 'Permit me to assist you?'"

"I was just going to." He sprang into the center of the boat and seized the oars.

Miss Holihan, who mistook his familiarity for suavity, thought him charming, but Evelyn shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"We were going out on purpose for a row," said she.

"Then we will take turns," replied Mr. Cole, not a whit abashed.

Caroline introduced Miss Holihan, and Evelyn, who always made the best of a bad bargain, began chattering gaily.

"Do you mind sitting by yourself in the bow, Miss Holihan? Caroline and I want to sit together in the stern; maybe it is the other way, I never could learn. But, by all means, never say 'stern,' call it 'starn.' And then you must say 'gunnel,' 'top-sel,' 'bolin' and 'mensel.' That rope dragging in the water is called a 'painter.' The '*mensel*' is the chief *rope* on a yacht—"

"Don't put any faith in her words," laughed Caroline, "for she really knows nothing at all on the subject."

Mr. Cole gazed at Evelyn in mute admiration. The row-boat tacked in all directions, for the light of her countenance dazzled him.

He was out of his element at "Westview," as the little place was called, being, unfortunately, a wholesale whisky dealer; a fact which caused the virtuous Easterner to shudder at the sight of him. He had found the social atmosphere as chilly as a morning fog until Evelyn Paul arrived and beamed with fun on the situation. To her the whisky business was certainly a legitimate if not a sanctified calling, and she took occasion to air her knowledge of sweet and sour mash whiskies, whisky in bond and revenue taxes before attentive crowds of horrified listeners. Her father had friends who owned distilleries, and they appeared to be gentlemen. Mr. Cole was probably just such another. It seemed to her the extreme of picayunishness for a parcel of strangers to give the cold shoulder to an unoffending man, whom they would be thrown with all summer and never afterwards, because when questioned as to who his grandfather and grandmother were, his mother's family, his father's financial standing, his own business affairs, and what in the world he was doing there, he had the courage to avow what was to them an obnoxious trade. Though at heart she did not

approve of his business, she treated him with great kindness until he too openly showed his preference for her society.

"This is grand," cried Miss Holihan, enthusiastically, as the boat glided over the waves sparkling in the morning sun.

"You must go sailing on the yacht this afternoon," said Mr. Cole. "Shall I row you ladies to the Point?"

"Shall we get back so I can put my room in order before dinner?" asked Miss Holihan.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Evelyn. "What is the use of keeping a room in order that one is never in? It is a waste of nerve tissue. But we will be back in plenty of time, for Caroline desires to pick a few bushels of rose leaves."

The conversation drifted from pot-pourri jars to fir pillows, star fishes, scallop shells and the like. When exhausted, Evelyn and Caroline, supported by Mr. Cole's baritone, raised their voices in their whole repertoire of college songs.

Miss Holihan, in relating "what had happened" to her mother on her return, declared she "had never had such a lovely time in her life before."

As she stated, she was a school-teacher; a public-school teacher in a progressive New England town. She was of mixed German and Irish descent, inheriting a persevering patience from her mother and a quick wit from her father, his sole paternal gift of any sort or kind, for being habitually drunk his helpmeet was compelled to support his progeny by sweating year in and year out in the steaming suds. One day a policeman firing at a petty thief made false aim, and Mr. Holihan's soul joined those of his Emerald Isle ancestors, who, it was popularly believed, for lack of funds to pay them out, were yet hovering in purgatory. His family at this time consisted of his drudging wife, Nora, aged twelve, and two bothersome urchins of small years and large appetites. The other children had been sacrificed on the altar of poverty one pestilential winter when food was high and fuel higher.

It was impossible for Mrs. Holihan to work any harder than she had been doing, and they pinched and struggled along as usual. The self-sacrificing mother, determined that her daughter should not have such a fight for life as she had had, kept Nora at school until she graduated.

The girl repaid her efforts by taking all the honors. Though much commended by her teachers, Nora was considered a "curious girl" by her classmates. She had no warm friends. In addition to being too self-centered for that, she was petty enough to despise and hold aloof from girls of her own station. The more prosperous tolerated her according as she assisted

them in their lessons. The father of one of them, however, admiring what he called "the girl's grit," obtained for her a position to teach.

It was fortunate that he did, for that Christmas Mrs. Holihan was stricken with paralysis in her right arm and side. The eldest boy was only eleven, and Nora felt that she could not set him to work for a couple of years. Her forty dollars a month must meet the wants of the family. She worked for a fancy store in afternoons and evenings, and clerked during the long, hot vacations.

One bright spring day as she left the school-house and walked towards the shabby street in which she lived, she felt barely able to drag herself along. Even the mild breeze dispirited her. As she moved languidly on, her eye was caught by a placard announcing the last chance for obtaining tickets before the three months' drawing in the Louisiana State Lottery. She had a dollar in her pocket, the last of her month's salary, which she intended to expend for groceries. But she went to the store and bought her goods on credit. If one was to be a pauper, a dollar did not make much difference. The next week she bought the daily newspaper and scanned it with feverish interest, and laid it aside with a fluttering heart, for she had won five hundred dollars.

In all her life she had never had a breathing spell, and, associated daily with teachers whose main idea was to save money for a summer trip, she did not consider twice the use she would make of the money. The boys, thoughtless, noisy creatures, she hastily sent to a country farm-house, and the first of July found her paralytic mother and her jaded self in possession of a tiny room of a seaside cottage.

Mrs. Holihan enjoyed the change extremely. From her window she could see the waves break on the coast, the warning lighthouse off the Point, and the shifting crowd on the beach.

But poor Nora felt out of the current. She would have willingly returned home on the day of her arrival, but after meeting Evelyn Paul and Caroline Spence she wondered why the place had impressed her so unfavorably at first. Their genial society brightened her as the sun transformed the bleak landscape on a foggy day, bringing out the blue tints of the water and the velvety greenness of the hills.

Mr. Cole always followed Evelyn Paul's lead, and he paid Miss Holihan numerous little attentions, rowing her to the different small bays and coves, pressing ferns and wild-flowers, preserving star fishes for her, and making himself generally intolerable as

Evelyn thought. She wondered how Miss Holihan could stand so much of him.

Miss Holihan grew quite indignant when she asked her. In a few weeks she had grown exceedingly jealous and envious of Evelyn. It seemed to her Mr. Cole's courtesies lacked the fervor he accorded the latter, whose provoking tolerance he never contrasted with her own warm appreciation of him. Then, too, Evelyn's bright face, gracious manner, elegant clothes and money continually seemed to mock her lack of them. The girl's frank cordiality she interpreted as airy condescension, but eagerly accepted it because of the frequent gifts Evelyn showered on whomsoever she was thrown with.

One day when she returned from a row with Mr. Cole she heard Evelyn's blithe voice talking to her mother. Evelyn started up and seized her hands as she entered the room.

"Oh, we have such a lovely scheme on hand. Don't you think, they are getting up a party to go to Bar Harbor, then by rail to Bangor, then to Moosehead Lake, and then by boat from Bangor here. Isn't it jolly? And," kissing her on the cheeks, "you know you and I are sisters because 'all the world's akin', so you can't mind my paying your way. Father has just sent me such a big check—and you haven't any father," kissing her again. "So it is all settled, is it not?"

Things generally were settled when Evelyn said so, but Nora Holihan did not raise the faintest objection. She knew Evelyn never flaunted forth her kind deeds for public approbation.

The party were absent a week. Mr. Cole, who had not been one of them, much to Miss Holihan's regret, stepped up to welcome them on their return.

"I would have been willing to have lived in figures on a dial this week. The time has seemed interminable."

He looked at Evelyn, who laughed gayly.

"She is such a flirt," thought Miss Holihan, who felt chagrined that he had not cast his ardent glance on her.

"What do you three ladies say to a row to Birch Island this afternoon for some scallop shells?" Mr. Cole asked as they walked up the beach.

"Couldn't hear of it," answered Evelyn, to whom the question appeared to be addressed. "We have lost so much time, we positively must go and cut some fir."

"Might I not be of some assistance in that direction?" persuasively.

"None in the world," laughed she. "And you would get so tired."

"Why you know we need him," said Caroline. She felt

sorry for Miss Holihan, who looked disappointed. Indeed, the gentle Caroline had a half-formed desire to make a match between Mr. Cole and the pensive school-teacher. The poor girl had had such a dreary life, (for when she found her new companions were not snobbish, Miss Holihan had detailed to them a great deal of her past history), and she appeared so fond of Mr. Cole's society.

"You know we need some one to climb all the tallest fir-trees," Caroline continued, "for the fir smells sweetest when it is farthest out of reach."

Miss Holihan slipped her hand in Caroline's and pressed it softly.

"Which way shall we go?" inquired Mr. Cole as they set out that afternoon.

"We want to follow the buckwheat field up the road, and it is Evelyn's idea to climb the three hills behind it, and pick our fir from the summit of the tallest." Caroline handed him her spicy fir pillow as she spoke.

"We may be equal to it, but I doubt it," sighed Miss Holihan, who would have much preferred picking fir tips while Mr. Cole read to them, than walking with Caroline behind him and Evelyn for half the afternoon.

"I'll carry my own fir bag," cried Evelyn, as Mr. Cole essayed to take it. "Bother the old thing, anyway. It bores me to death. I forget to dry it when the sun shines, and neglect to take it in when the rain pours, and am always spilling it whenever I get a little extra in. I hope papa will appreciate this, for I never, *never* will make another."

They all laughed, and Evelyn, catching a meaning glance from her friend as she looked over her shoulder, dropped behind. Shortly after Miss Holihan and Mr. Cole mounted the first hill together.

"I propose we attack the refreshments before we proceed further," suggested Mr. Cole, handing out a dilapidated looking parcel.

Caroline opened it, and with great care spread on a flat rock some crackers, chocolate drops, potash lozenges and a withered lemon.

"We nibble all day long at our cottage," said she. "First one offers a ginger-snap all around, then another some sour-drops, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

"I don't wonder that you do no more than nibble," remarked Mr. Cole, eyeing the stale repast dubiously.

Evelyn doled out the chocolate drops with an offended air, and wrapped up the remaining cheer.

"I shall not take another step," announced Caroline, when, after a few minutes, Mr. Cole shouldered the fir bags, preparatory to starting onward.

"I believe Carrie is constitutionally lazy," said Evelyn.

"You won't mind staying here alone, will you?" coaxingly, "for I do so want Miss Holihan to see the view from the big hill before she goes home."

"No, I do not mind," replied her friend. "When I grow tired of picking fir tips I will read this harrowing tale I brought with me."

With many backward glances and waving of hands the three left her. Miss Holihan notched the large trees as they went along with Mr. Cole's large Barlow knife. Evelyn smiled.

"I always pretend to myself that I am one of the heroines in Cooper's novels when I go into the woods," said she. "Do you ever do so, Miss Holihan?"

Miss Holihan confessed to never having read any of those delightful tales, and Mr. Cole, with pith and brevity, detailed the plots of the principal ones.

It felt close in the dark, bosky defiles after the fragrant air on the hills. The breezy air from the sea had entirely lost itself amid the strong balsamic odors of the fir and pine.

Evelyn panted. "Let us hurry out of here. My heart chokes me."

"Dyspepsia," said Mr. Cole, oracularly. "People mistake it for heart disease."

"That may be reassuring," doubtfully. Evelyn wiped her flushed face with her handkerchief.

"Do you think we had better climb the next hill?" asked Miss Holihan.

"Oh, yes," answered Evelyn. "That is what we came on purpose for. I wish Caroline had come too, for the view is simply grand. You will always be thankful I made you come."

"The view here is more than anything I have ever been used to," said Miss Holihan rather crossly, as they reached the brow of the second hill.

"Well," said Mr. Cole, with animation, "we left Miss Spence on the first hill; if you wish to, you can remain here on the second, while Miss Paul and I achieve the summit of the third."

"Oh, come on," urged Evelyn; "we can stay there until the sun sets, and then you will be rested. I am going to run down the hill. It is so exhilarating. Try it," encouragingly.

Miss Holihan watched her flying figure.

"I believe I will. It is the quickest way to get there."

"Take care of that knife," called out Mr. Cole, seeing that she held it unclasped in her hand.

Not hearing his words distinctly, Miss Holihan turned half-way around, and her foot, encased in its heelless tennis shoe, slipped on the smooth, fallen pine needles. With a quick backward jerk she threw her hands upward to recover her balance. Mr. Cole plunged forward to save her, tripped over the projecting root of a tree, stumbled a short distance, and fell with his whole weight against her. The fatal clasp-knife pierced the upper part of his heart.

Miss Holihan shrieked with fear at the sight of Mr. Cole's prostrate body. She was not aware of the pain in her broken arm. Had she killed him for whose sake she would herself have died?

Away down in the valley Evelyn heard her terrible cry. She felt powerless to run, though in fact she fairly flew up the slope.

Miss Holihan had dragged Mr. Cole under a tree. She did not dare to touch the cruel knife planted so deeply in his breast. She implored him to speak, passionately kissing his womanish hands. She would go frantic if he did not. Just then her distracted gaze fell on Evelyn.

"It was all through you," she screamed. "He wouldn't have been killed if it hadn't been for you."

Evelyn's brain reeled. Vaguely conscious of the unjust accusation she could not command her mind to deny it.

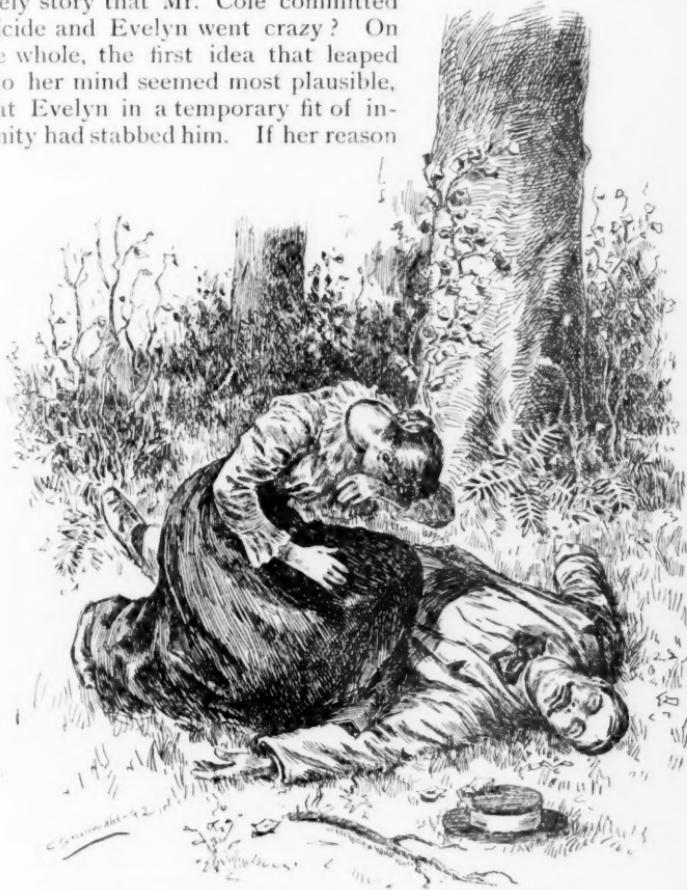
Miss Holihan bewailed and wrung her hands. She began an excited account of the accident, but stopped short in alarm at Evelyn's expression. With head thrown backward, lips compressed, and ghastly eyes staring at vacancy, she looked inhuman.

Miss Holihan shivered and, without a second glance, turned and fled. On she went, dashing through bushes, tearing her skirts and scratching her face in the tangled undergrowth. But with all her speed, Evelyn was soon behind her, beside her. The touch of her hand seemed to burn her as Evelyn laid it heavily on her shoulder. She cowered on the ground before her stricken face.

Evelyn thought, but not in words. Sensations of injustice swelled in her heart, but she could not give them utterance. Before her dumb anguish Miss Holihan's terror lessened. Did Evelyn's mind snap at the sudden and unexpected sight of Mr. Cole's dead body, or was it her own imputation that she was the cause of his death that upset her reason? She felt a momentary pang as Evelyn's numerous kindnesses toward her flashed swiftly

through her mind, but her strained expression did not soften as she scanned the girl's face eagerly to see if she were really crazy.

What should she say at the hotel? If she gave the real account of the accident, would any one believe it? It seemed so improbable. She had had so much trouble in the world. Why need her part in the affair be known at all? Would it seem a likely story that Mr. Cole committed suicide and Evelyn went crazy? On the whole, the first idea that leaped into her mind seemed most plausible, that Evelyn in a temporary fit of insanity had stabbed him. If her reason



MISS HOLIHAN HAD DRAGGED MR. COLE UNDER A TREE.

returned, which she hoped after a time it would, and Evelyn remembered she did not kill him, all the evidence would be against her. One's own dearest friends do not place much confidence in the statements of those afflicted with fits of insanity. Evelyn would not be responsible in law, either.

Miss Holihan felt relieved of the burden of the first catastrophe by the happening of the second. She took Evelyn's hand.

"Come, let us go to Carrie."

They walked on in silence except for Evelyn's moaning and sobbing. Occasionally, Miss Holihan gave her a searching glance, but she was asking and answering to herself all probable questions that might be asked, and she offered her no sympathy.

Caroline smiled as they came into view; both figures had such an air of fatigue and dejection. She thought they were simulating their weariness for fun, and pitied Mr. Cole who must be toiling in the rear with the fir bags. She ran gleefully to meet them, but tremblingly grasped a young pine for support at the sight of her dear friend's pathetic face.

"Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, my darling!" She drew her head down on her shoulder and chafed her cold hands, weeping softly.

Miss Holihan looked on in astonishment. She wondered why Miss Spence did not interrogate her about Evelyn, and labored out her story.

Caroline paid no attention. Long familiarity with her friend's determined will had nearly dissipated the apprehensiveness she had entertained as a young girl for Evelyn's future mental balance. The girl's bounding health and exuberant spirits had effectually chased away gloomy thoughts concerning her. She was so "at herself." Caroline was completely stunned at the calamity, and as Miss Holihan kept insistently repeating the dire deed that accompanied the loss of Evelyn's reason, she groaned aloud. She dared not think of Evelyn's father, the dear good father who would rather his beloved daughter had killed him, than have harmed the meanest slave.

The bright afternoon slipped by and the three girls still remained on the hill-top; Caroline softly stroking Evelyn's head which lay on her bosom, and Miss Holihan walking agitatedly up and down.

Miss Holihan thought it devolved on Caroline to inform the hotel proprietor of the disaster, but Caroline, on the statement that Mr. Cole was beyond all human aid, would not leave until she had calmed Evelyn's hysterical weeping. The poor girl clung about her neck in anguish. Caroline tried in vain to understand her incoherent whispers.

As the shadows lengthened they silently paced homeward. Miss Holihan volunteered to stay with Evelyn while Caroline made the sad affair known. They reached the cottage, which was the end one, unobserved, and after placing her friend in a rocking chair, where she sat perfectly still, gazing with great

unseeing eyes into space, Caroline departed on her sorrowful errand.

In about ten minutes the news spread, and Miss Holihan found herself the heroine of the place. The courage with which she had subdued Miss Paul's paroxysm and brought her to Miss Spence her own life in jeopardy, her fortitude in bearing the pain of her broken arm, which she did not speak of all that long time on the hill and until after the doctor had visited Miss Paul, and her thoughtful watch during Miss Spence's absence, were descanted upon in admiring wonder for hours.

Every one deplored Miss Paul's affliction. Though considered by many a little too outspoken, her sprightliness and unselfishness had warmed all hearts. Her father, who was fortunately in New York, was telegraphed for, and reached the place in a few days. Evelyn could not be roused from the depression into which she had fallen. She did not recognize her father, or at least gave no sign, though she suffered his affectionate attentions.

The probable insanity of his child had lain like a pall over Mr. Paul's heart even in his most peaceful hours. To find it coupled with this tragedy bowed him down, too smitten to murmur. It seemed to Caroline, "his second daughter," that he had grown older in this one summer than in all the years she had known him.

Day by day, Evelyn faded away. Her chief idea was to propitiate Miss Holihan, to whom she brought her jewelry and articles of wearing apparel, crying bitterly if they were not accepted. Her dumb, pleading look on such occasions hurt Caroline's heart, who quickly ceased to allow Miss Holihan to enter the room. Caroline could not forgive herself for not accompanying Evelyn all the way that dreadful afternoon, and Miss Holihan took pretended offense at her searching questions. She never left Evelyn, night nor day. When Mr. Paul anxiously inquired whether she was not taxing her strength too severely, she shook her head.

"I can never love anybody again as I have loved Evelyn, and I am willing to take care of her always."

Mr. Paul's eyes moistened, for he felt intuitively the short need there would be for such devotion. The doctor pronounced it acute melancholia. Evelyn finally refused to eat. She was indicted by the Maine Commonwealth for murder, to be tried first on the charge of lunacy, but before the case came on for a hearing, she was acquitted before the bar of a Higher Tribunal.

The majority of the summer boarders reasoned that Mr. Cole's end was a judgment on his life, cut off without a last

prayer in his wickedness and sin as a warning to like evil-doers.

His sole relative, his father, ordered his body to be shipped to him at Chicago. To Mr. Paul's remorseful letter, which he regarded as so much affectation, he gave no response. His son's gains, which were considerable, reverted to him, and their welcome at a time when speculations had left him in a tight pinch served to alleviate his questionable sorrow. He had never cared especially for his son and after the trouble of raising him had let him go his way. Why lament him?

Miss Holihan's arm knit slowly. The nervous shock she had experienced augured ill for her health the ensuing school year.

Mr. Paul, from keeping his own heartaches well in the background, divined more easily the sorrows of others. He pitied the girl and had a friendly talk with her, advising her to rest until she had entirely recovered.

He hoped she would bear in mind that his Evelyn was the cause of her distress, and permit him to make some trifling reparation. He drew forth a check for five thousand dollars. Mrs. Holihan, who was present, and who had seen very few rifts amid the dark clouds of existence, wept and blessed him.

Nora Holihan accepted the check silently; but it never allayed the bitterness which her heart alone knew.

*Grace W. Haight.*





### THE CANNIBALS.

THE pallid moon swung from the withering sky ;  
The wolfish stars looked down and saw their glare  
In the dead, stagnant sea that everywhere  
Pulsed 'round the moveless craft. Each haggard eye  
Glared at the awful calm, but not one sigh  
Came from those thirst-cracked lips, nor plaint nor moan.  
Despair had warped their souls, and hate alone  
Dwelt in them, and they cursed the God on high !  
At last there staggered from the ghoulish throng  
A livid boy who laid his bosom bare,  
And whispered, " Strike ! " The hand delayed not long  
That struck the death blow, and around him there,  
The madmen fought, each with his withered tongue  
Eager the warm and flowing blood to share !

*Charles Hamilton Musgrave.*



## THE WATERING-PLACE YOUNG MAN.

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LAST month in a mood not by any means unkindly, and I hope without even the appearance of spitefulness, I took occasion to write somewhat concerning the "summer girl" and the wife. The article, such as it was, has attracted more comment than had been expected by its writer. But even those who commended it most—and they were the mothers—insisted that it bore an element of unfairness about it. They said that all its censure was directed against the woman; none of it against the man who is her counterpart. And they insisted that, artistically, the first essay was only a partial attempt at striking down a social folly. It required a companion picture. It is not well to thresh the same straw a second time, but, since there seems to be some justice in the complaint made, it may not be very wrong to gratify the ladies by a word or two about "The Watering-Place Young Man."

Yet there is some question as to whether the game is worth the candle. Every woman is a possible mother, and with that name she conjures. She may be vain and frivolous, commonplace, vapid, coarse; the moment that a divine halo of maternity shines about her brow we bend in deference before her. Even in "Gin Lane," the most hideous of all Hogarth's pictures, the brutal, horrible, drunken mother, whose infant is falling to a fortunate death while she leers about her in maudlin idiocy, in some degree excites one's pity; while the man who shares a well-gnawed bone with a plump dog, while he is nearly a skeleton, moves us only to disgust. The one is a mother though a brute; the other could not be a father.

I mean by the word "father" something more than merely a progenitor. Among the lower animals there are no fathers. The hen is a mother to her chicks, the mare to her foal, the cow to her calf, the lioness to her cubs—in none of these grades is the male at all a father. He defends the females from enemies, he helps them to food, but never does he trouble himself about the young. To man alone does the old Latin word "*pater*" apply. Or, as it was earlier known "*zeus-pater*," or Jupiter—the God—provider—or "*piter*," still older "the watchful deity." The guard, the guide, the helper, the provider, the earthly providence to mother and child. He can not be a father who fails in any of these essentials. "Thou art Peter [the father, or '*pitra*' or '*pater*'] and on this [foundation] stone shall I build my church." So this old word "father" comes to us from the twilight of Sanscrit literature like a potent root in

fruitful ground whose blossoming upshoots may be traced in Egypt and Chaldea, in Persia and Syria, in Greece and Rome, and Helvetia and Britain, and Germany and France—even on the monoliths of the Druids and the buried temples of Yucatan. Wherever the cross is, it is a symbol of fatherhood, whether it be formed by the earthen altar of the Aztec, or marked on the prayer-barrel of the priest in Thibet. “Upon this foundation”—the fatherhood of man—“I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Language is an elusive fairy; its changes of vowels into consonants, and its aspirates transforming letters most marvelously so as to make words almost the reverse, sometimes, of their spelling, are apt to puzzle even the most learned men. Even my scant information on philology might puzzle the average watering-place young man. He could not see, probably, how Ju-piter had any relation to “*pater*” (father) or to “*zeus-piter*.” He would be thoroughly in the dark if any one told him that “*dyaus-piter*” was substantially the same word as Jupiter. Yet it is. And Jupiter is the same as “*Jove*” in Latin. “*Jove*” is “*Jahve*” in Hebrew, all of which words mean “the father,” and indicate the best and highest love, coupled with care and protecting power.

But to one of those words I desire to call especial attention: “*dyaus-piter*.” It opens to my mind a great vista of correlative words which I must neglect in this article, in order to make the point I am striving for. “*Dyaus*” or “*deus*” or “*zeus-piter*,” means literally “the god of the morning sky.” It is the root of our English word “father.” In it there is food for thought.

The morning sky overarches all the world. It presages the rising sun and scatters the dew with the breath of its rosy lips. It gives new lustre to the dying star, and wakes the rosebud from its sluggard dreams. It makes the earth fragrant, and casts a smile into the inner soul of heaven. To the violet it lends perfume and garlands the sun with glory as he mounts his throne. To the most minute things it is tender and gracious; it cherishes the white clover and the modest daisy; and its breast is large enough to shrine a thousand solar systems. God dwells in its deep recesses, and the light of love beams from it.

And, as the morning sky is to the material universe, so should be the father’s presence to the family. Even in his shadow as it falls across the threshold there should be a glint of light, like the sparkle in the heart of a diamond. God pity the man whose children slink away when they hear his coming footfalls! But when they run to him, and touch him with their little hands, and are jealous of each other as to who shall kiss

him first, and climb about him as he sits down, and rub their soft cheeks against his, he begins to realize that he is indeed a father. You may deceive people whom you meet in business affairs, and be very pleasant to people whom you come in contact with socially. You can never conceal your true character from your children. Bring light to them and they are the dew upon the rosebuds which you pluck. Be to them the god of the morning sky, and they will be to you the sweet savor of a thankful world. Shrine the family as the heaven shrines the earth. Be about it always as a strong defense ; be in it a gentle, loving, human being. Be always the god of the morning sky, and bring to it roses which are grown on earth but savor of high heaven.

There are few fathers in the world ; there are few men to whom the little children come with outstretched arms and lips hungry for kisses. It is better to be one of these elect than to have the white wings of an angel. As humans we must have some earthly joy, and the pure pressure of your child's lips is sweeter than the embraces of Cleopatra. The heart responds to the embraces of your little ones, the soul knows a thrill its most severe censure can not condemn, and all the cares and troubles of the day melt before the kisses of baby. To be a father ; to love and be beloved ; to see that these young lives do not lack and suffer hunger ; to work for them, and think for them, and care for them is indeed the most exquisite pleasure God has ever given man.

But does the watering-place young man think of this ? Has he dreamed of it at all in his various encounters with the summer girl ? He and she have been much together while the ardent sun glared upon the open fields and drove young lovers to the shady groves and sweet secluded places where their silly prattle could only be overheard by the quivering leaves and the droning bumblebees. He has carried, perhaps, a package of pipe clay in his pocket to burnish up her white shoes with, and she has wondered at, and tried to imitate his London pronunciation, which no decent Englishman on this earth could ever understand, or make intelligible if he tried to speak it. To us old fellows, white shoes on a woman, elsewhere than in the ball-room, are unpleasantly suggestive. The female fashion writers of this year have given an excuse for wearing them more disgustingly suggestive than we had ever thought of. The summer girl who wears them possibly doesn't know the estimation her own female fashion writer has brought her to, much less the deliberate judgment of men of the world. And the watering-place young man has not conceived what an ass he makes of

himself by his conduct in going with the summer girl and trying to teach her a language unpronounceable except, maybe, in Madagascar. If he knew more he would talk less.

I was once in a foreign country—no matter where—and I was ashamed of the Americans who came there. So soon as they left the ship they began speaking some strange language which nobody could understand, and doing things which neither I, nor anybody in that country, had ever considered correct. The language they used and the freaks they played were supposed to be distinctively American. “God save the mark!” I never saw, or heard, such conduct or such language in these United States or on the high seas; yet they supposed that they were proving their intimate acquaintance with the most exclusive social circles in England by their *outré* conduct and their barbarous jargon.

So the watering-place young man is equally mistaken—and just as honestly mistaken as these tourists were. I found no difficulty in understanding the English, the natives, and the Europeans who visited this place. But I could not always understand the jargon of my own people. So there is, by the same affection, a curious defect in the watering-place young man which is difficult of comprehension. His “fads” and his flippancy are bad enough; they may impress the summer girl, as he intends they should. When one starts out to win the temporary admiration of a woman, without serious purpose in his conduct, we can not blame him if he wisely chooses the best methods of success. The butterfly who can not exist throughout the winter had best get all the sweetness from his summer days. The flowers nod to him; the breezes fan his wings. And as the Persian poet says :

“The rose is waiting with its gentle smell;  
The bulbul sings from out the jasmine bower;  
Bring wine. \* \* \* \* \*  
We live, we die, what matters it?

But in the new civilization of the West there is a breezy quantity which was never known among the poppies of Persia. The watering-place young man must be something else—let us hope something better—when he is grown. That is, when he is grown mentally, no matter what his physical stature may be. Confucius says: “The man who is not himself the founder of a family must rely upon his ancestors for social standing. If he sacrifice not to them he is, indeed, an ingrate; if he does sacrifice to them, he makes a name for filial love, but where is his true greatness? Is he not a mean man?”

And if the young man forget his folly, he may be something of his own motion. If he content himself, like an ape, with the cocoanut his progenitors left him, he may, indeed, crack that upon his cranium and lap up the milk thereof at his leisure, if truly he break not his skull in the endeavor. But in the economy of a new country and a new race, any stagnation of blood or brain or brawn is not only a waste, but a puddle from which miasmatic vapors rise. The power which lives in young manhood may sweeten and make blessed the social life of this Western world, or it may react upon itself and breed bacilli; and in this reaction lies the germ of every social ill. The great ocean, with its never-ceasing movement, is always destroying and upbuilding. It rests not, neither does it haste. But the still pool stagnates and festers; it becomes the nursery of slime and the breeding place of tadpoles. It is a blotch upon the face of the earth and a menace to all healthy growth about it.

Of his own motion, I say, the young man may be something—even the watering-place young man. In his young manhood are dormant potentialities which, when wakened, may prove him better than he seems. Comparing him with the summer girl, she is the better by the comparison, for she is woman. Let them marry, and the chances are that she would keep boarders to support him and his children, while he would be content to do the marketing; and a slip-shod, love-lorn, dreary sort of a life would result, out of which the children might emerge with a kind of reactive energy, coupled with contempt, and be better than their parents. But he has better possibilities in him than this if he will let them bloom.

The fact of manhood is in itself a noble heritage. In the beginning God created *man*. Male and female created he them; supplementing and subordinating the one to the other. To the lover, the seeker, the fighter, the bread-winner he gave the dominion and supremacy. From that time until now that supremacy has remained with the male, as against all real or affected protestations. Whenever for a time, or in any nation, it was lost, the national life was lost with it, and the glory of that time was tarnished. Man never lost his kingship save by unworthiness. Sardanapalus bent over a tambour frame while the crown slipped from his brow.

Instinctly every man feels the promptings of a majesty within him. Trivial and vain and ignoble as he may be, he somehow tries to persuade himself that within him is a dignity and a power that he could exercise if he would. In which he is in no sort wrong. It is not an accident that in all religions the Supreme God should be the Father, and in all social systems

man should be the providence, the protector, the judge and arbiter of destinies. He who wins the bread may break it among his children, and the sword which defends the roof-tree against all comers may justly point to places around the hearth-stone, and say, "Thou mayest sit there, and thou here." It is with the warrior to command.

Deep in me, and *irrepressible* in its outgoings, is this Germanic and Helvetian idea of the home. I can not yet lose the childish spirit which prompted me to find some shelter from the autumn winds, when they grew cold, and barricade myself against the coming winter. I see the children of my neighborhood, when these November winds begin to bite, go, day by day, in mystery, and silently, to build a little hut upon a vacant lot near by. Little bandits are they, who rob us all. To-day it is a bit of plank, to-morrow a yard or two of canvas, next day, maybe, a few bricks and stones for the fireplace, until the temporary house is built. Then they light the fire, and one brings meat, another bread, another fruit; and they cook and eat, and huddle up to one another, in their rude shelter, happier than kings in marble palaces. Not one of them is cold or hungry or homeless. Yet this is their house, their home, their castle builded by their own hands, sweet and sacred and beloved, more precious than any moated grange, and for hours they will nestle there, watching the brown leaves fall, and braving the breath of winter as it seeks to chill them. To the wanderer, and the stranger their house is open and their hospitality is bounded only by their means. No child is a stranger there; no comer is unwelcome. They are house-builders—home-makers—they build more wisely than they know. The old blood is in them; not the blue blood of an effete aristocracy, but the warm, red blood of the old sturdy race which has never been conquered and never will be. They are home-makers, fathers, *dyauspites*, embryonic men; and, as the Saviour said of Peter, these boys are the corner stone of the great church of humanity and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. They stand for the home, the fireside, the nation, and it is a bad man and a worse citizen who can see their little work and not feel the moisture come into his eyes as he beholds it. God bless the little robber, say I.

Somewhere in the physical or psychical nature of the watering-place young man the foregoing paragraph may find a fertile soil, and bring some friendly growth. The surroundings of what is falsely called "society" may have corrupted him; and the blandishments of the summer girl may have seduced him from his manhood. But there are dregs to all wines just as there is

“mother” to all good vinegars. He remembers the time when, as a small boy, he sheltered himself from the cold winds of autumn, and cuddled up with other small boys to defy the elements, and this sediment in his nature has not been a corroding one, but rather a stimulant. This impulse has not left him, and this instinct is yet at the bottom of his nature. In his heart he is sound, and his soul is that of a man. May he not be a house-builder, a house-father, as the small boy is in embryo? God pity us! God help us! when our young men forget their manhood.

So, in this sweet October weather, I moralize. I had not thought to write this, till the women clamored for it. God bless them! Shall they clamor for aught that we can give them, and not get it? Somehow, in their garments they have hidden the balm of paradise, and our souls smell it. The apple that Eve ate hath left its aroma upon their lips and we taste it in every kiss. And not a rose that the good God made hath not its counterpart in the soul of a woman, which changes from bud to blossom at the touch of the man she loves. “Rose of Mystery,” indeed, is she as the mother of Christ is chastely called—and rose of mystery will she remain for all time, fragrant yet exquisitely inscrutable.

Yes, in this half-swooning season of the year, it becomes one to be philosophical. There is still the scent of September grapes upon the air, and the faint breath of the tuberose strives to blow away the chill of early frosts. Brown leaves rustle, like benedictions, to the ground, and the mid-day sun smiles ruddily, reminiscent of the summer. Still, all abloom the byways are with wild flowers, and the harvest moon makes laughter through the mask of night. The mist of Indian summer hangs about the hills, the stars beam with a dewy glamour, and the laughter of maidens ripples like a leafy brook. Yet, through it all, comes there suggestiveness of winter. The fresh turned soil smells not as it did in spring time, and the shiver that does shake one when the red sun sets speaks of long nights and snowy days to come. It is a time to dream of home, of roof-tree, of fireside and wife, of manhood and of fatherhood.

Such thoughts, such dreams, are solemn—not solemn as the cypress is, or as the weeping-willow—but solemn as the ancient oak, which dares the winter’s blast and bears the mistletoe, which Druids decked their altars with and early Christians twined with holly to make their Christmas decorations. Stripped of its leaves, the oak stands challenging the elements; and in the very heart of winter it gives its mistletoe—a presage of the spring, green and flourishing. There is manhood, there is

fatherhood, in the oak ; it brings its mistletoe, and during all the siests and snows it calls from the warm earth—the mother of us all—such juices as it needs. It is the father, and furnishes the sustenance as God permits it.

To the summer girl and the watering-place young man let this lesson go. Let it go more to the young man than to the girl. Both of them need a censor, but, maybe, if men were better there would be less complaint of women. If man were king—king of himself first—there would be no rebellion from the queen. We act our little parts out on the summer stage. Women—foolish and giddy—admire us for the very qualities which unfit us for the best and highest functions of our being. But this temporary admiration should seduce no man from the real path of his best and truest work. I say "*work*" because that word implies all the purpose of his life. He must work, and he must have with him a wife who will be to him an incentive to the highest efforts of his mind and soul. To her, and to her sweet and gracious gentleness, is entrusted all the nourishing of his better life, just as is entrusted to her the sustenance of her children. He must be a child in her hands, and yet he must be the king of his household. From the duality of their existence springs a unity of life. They twain have become one flesh, and one soul as it were.

Therefore, in this supernal autumn, it is well for us to consider these possibilities of life. In the shivering trees and the fading flowers we find presage of the winter which comes to all of us. The unfallen snow scents itself in the quivering atmosphere. Bright and beautiful as the world is, we know that we must leave it and that there is a life beyond. That life each man may conceive of from his religious belief and the sage advice of minister and priest. I am neither, and, therefore, do not meddle. But in this life he can not be harmed, nor yet in the life to come, by being obedient to God's commands and trying to come up to the measure of his own capacity for good. Doing this he will not err materially.

So to the watering-place young man, I say, respect above all things your manhood ; consider yourself as a possible husband and father ; be very careful how you choose your wife, and much more careful how you act toward her. Be to her and her children a providence—a father—and the good God will think none the worse of you because of it.

*J. Soule Smith.*



### THE SPIRIT'S FLIGHT.

**N**AUGHT I see but hurrying shapes  
Drifting through shadows deep—  
The ghastly wraiths of mortal forms  
That know not rest nor sleep.  
Bodiless souls are these they say,  
In whispers low and light ;  
I one of them. Give back the bonds  
That my spirit broke last night.  
A shadow I am, a remembrance,  
And again I am but the sigh  
Of a wandering, dazed spirit  
On the wild winds hurried by.  
Through distant star-seeded spaces  
The hosts are hurtled fast,  
Losing light in the planet's shadows,  
That backward are trailing cast ;  
Wheeling through blue, cold spaces  
Where thick-strewn meteors flash—  
Now drifting with the tempest  
Of a world's volcanic crash ;  
Bewildered, unheeding, unhearing,  
A bodiless soul in flight,  
My one o'ermastering feeling—  
A yearning for thee to-night ;  
A longing that shall continue  
While the coming ages roll,  
And a faith in the subtle feeling  
That love embodies the soul.  
Lo ! then I circle in waiting  
On the pitiless elements cast,  
For my one twin soul in fetters  
To make heaven for me at last.

*Nellie L. Davis Barnes.*





## THE MOUNTAIN FOUNTAIN SPRAY.

**I**n a shady nook  
By a babbling brook  
I sit with my book ;  
But I listen and look  
At the mountain fountain's play.

A silvering stream it goes gleaming on high  
Till it yields to the shield of the blue-burnished sky ;  
Till it equals the rise of its mountain source  
And spends the force of its confined course.  
It twitters, and twists in twining twirls—  
It makes of the mist translucent curls,  
It sputters, it spurts, it spatters, it whirls,  
It scatters, it sinks in shining swirls,  
And glancing glints of sunlight prints  
The dancing spray with the rainbow's tints.

It glistens and sparkles,  
And gladdens and startles—  
The trickling, tinkling,  
Musically sprinkling  
Mountain fountain spray.

As I sit with my book  
By the babbling brook,  
Creeps a noise to my nook  
And I listen and look—  
Is't the mountain fountain's play ?

Hark ! up midst the cloud-capped peaks to my right  
 Comes a sound like a fog-horn's signal at night ;  
 It rings 'round the rim of the rock-bound swale  
 And re-echoes again in the depths of the vale ;  
 It ascends to the crag of the Black's dark dome  
 And startles the stag in his forest home ;  
 It mingles its roar with the trill of the rill  
 That drops by the door of the mill on the hill ;  
 And its cadence is drowned in the play of the spray  
 That sprinkles the ground by the winding railway.

Its murmurous tremor  
 Flies off in the shimmer  
 Of the joyous, capering,  
 Scintillant, vaporizing  
 Mountain fountain spray.

Still I listen and look,  
 As I sit with my book  
 In my nook by the brook,  
 To the railway's crook,  
 High o'er the fountain's play.

From its mountain tomb in the tunnel's gloom,  
 It comes o'ercrowned by bowlder and bloom,  
 By the convicts' camp on a spur of the ridge,  
 Through cut, by cliff, 'neath the span of a bridge,  
 Down thousands of feet in the valley below  
 It skirteth the bank of the streamlet's flow,  
 And its route by the base of a frowning wall  
 Is wet with the mist of a waterfall.  
 Grim reminder of toil, like a rope loosely coiled,  
 Mighty triumph of science and genius unfoiled,  
 It winds here and there, seems suspended in air,  
 Or else tacked to the sides of the mount everywhere,  
 Till out from a gorge it breaks with a swerve  
 To double a hill with a short, sharp curve ;  
 Then crossing a chasm, wide, yawning and deep,  
 It circles the meadow with graceful sweep.  
 To pass nearly o'er the hostelry's floor  
 On its way from the clouds to the sea-beat shore.  
 And there in the sway of its winding way  
 Is the sprinkling splash of the fountain's play.  
 With changing rifts in cloud-like drifts,  
 Through mosses and grasses it softly sifts ;  
 It swings and sways,  
 And plays and strays—

The wildly roaming,  
Floating, foaming  
Mountain fountain spray.

I turn to my book.  
From the wondrous crook  
Down the babbling brook,  
Floats a noise to my nook,  
Despite the fountain's play.

There's a crash, a flash ; a shot and a shout  
From the convicts' camp by the railway's route—  
A trusted "trusty" is running away  
In the gathering gloom—in the evening gray.  
The rumbling train in its rambling race  
Has shaken a rock from its pendulous place  
In the riven face of the cliff's great wall—  
And only the trusty sees its fall.  
He knows it blocks the engine's road—  
May mean black death to its human load.  
A leap ! and down the slant he's bound  
In stretching strides o'er mould and mound !  
With warning shouts the woods resound—  
The rifle's crack the cliffs rebound !  
Has the leaden bullet billet found  
In human form—in tree or ground ?  
The truant trusty makes no sound  
As swings his lighted lantern 'round.

It flashes and flitters,  
And fleetingly glitters,  
In its mystical flight  
Through the darkening night,  
O'er the mountain fountain's spray.

I spring from my nook  
By the babbling brook—  
I drop my book,  
As I listen and look,  
Near the mountain fountain's play.

Up the mount's dark slope, near the waterfall,  
On the railway's route by the frowning wall,  
I see the flash of the truant's lamp ;  
And above, the lights in the convicts' camp.  
I hear his cry ! wild, weird and shrill,  
It floats with the notes of the whip-poor-will.  
His light moves up the winding way,

His voice dies out with death of day ;  
 But a wail which waits on point or peak  
 Is met by an engine's danger shriek.  
 Bind hard the wheels, bind hard air-brakes !  
 The pipes swell out, the road-bed shakes ;  
 The engine-driver's stout heart quakes  
 As 'cross the cab his lever rakes ;  
 The train slacks speed—the stars take heed—  
 Pleiadic need for a hero's deed ;  
 And there in the cleft of the cliff he clings  
 And back and forth his lantern swings.

Like a firefly's flight  
 Is the twinkling light ;  
 It swings and sways  
 And its radiance strays  
 To the mountain fountain's spray.

The engine stops ;  
 The hero drops

From his cleft in the cliff to the drain below,  
 And his lamp is lost in the headlight's glow.  
 " 'Tis Trusty Jim ! " the trainman cries,  
 As he leaps to the ground where the hero lies ;  
 " There's blood on his arm—he's been shot, I believe !  
 Here ! bind up the wound ! rip open his sleeve !  
 Some spirits, quick ! ah, there ! he revives ! "  
 And he adds as he stoops " he has saved our lives ! "  
 The hero moans as he's lift' from the drain—  
 As he's placed on the track he mutters in pain :  
 " Dare want no time to stop an' 'splain—  
 I wus 'bleeged to run ef I head dat train."  
 They are wandering words ; he opens his eyes,  
 And looks at the men from his bed on the ties.  
 Around him, grouped, the passengers stand ;  
 One—'tis the Governor—takes hold of his hand ;  
 And there at the foot of the frowning wall  
 He utters the words which disenthral :  
 " No knight of old, nor warrior bold,  
 Did nobler deed for fame or gold ;  
 If crimes were thine, oh, hero true !  
 You've wiped them out—I pardon you."  
 And the tremulous throng who hedge him about  
 Applaud with a long, glad, joyous shout.  
 A convict squad—fuliginous flock—  
 Come roll from the road the treacherous rock ;

It falls in the gorge with a thunderous shock—  
The echoes mock with knock upon knock—  
And the rumbling train steams off to the plain,  
Leaving there by its track a freeman again.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Once more I sit by the babbling brook ;  
I watch the play of the fount, and I look  
Up the crook to the mount through the mellow light,  
To the scene of the hero's flight that night ;  
And I heave a sad sigh as I turn to my book,  
For he died ;—he sleeps just back of my nook.  
And there in the sway of the winding way  
His grave's kept green by the fountain's play.

It ripples and dashes,  
And showers and splashes—  
The trickling, tinkling,  
Musically sprinkling  
Mountain fountain spray.

*John A. Williams, Jr.*



## A REMNANT.

WHEN Miss Margret Bascombe first arrived in Boston, and before she was fairly settled in her new character of companion and general tonic to her wealthy but invalid aunt, that suffering little woman had frankly told her that she could not promise her a very gay season, since she knew so few of the young people and was not able to go out at all on account of her wretched health. But that the house, the horses, the servants were all at her disposal, and she could amuse herself with them as she pleased. Moreover, that her cousin Tom was quite old enough to be her escort whenever she chose to use him as such, and she would be very grateful to her niece if she would press him into service. Thereupon, Miss Bascombe, a Western belle, who had caused great havoc among her suitors since her debut some four years previous, had declared that she was twenty-five and thoroughly tired of so-called society. That she was fully convinced "Margret Bascombe" would be carved on her tombstone, since she could not find the kind of man she would change her name for. "For the kind of man I want, auntie dear," she had said in her pretty, energetic way, "is a double-width, all-wool, not-to-be-marked-down sort of a man, whom no one else has a part of already. I am so deadly tired of the remnants of men one finds piled on the bargain counter to attract any buyer they can. Women," she continued, deeply interested in her own discourse, "are so constituted that they will grasp at a heart if it is advertised 'below cost,' to be bought for the small price of sympathy. Let them just think it is a bargain and they all rush to the sale, and never question, until it is too late, as to the fading and shrinking properties of their purchase, if it will wear well through the rubs in life or even if there is enough in the piece to answer their needs. I do long for a new, unusual pattern that can't be copied in lower price goods. One that is genuine through and through. But they don't import them," she ended abruptly, with a little sigh, "and the present home industries don't manufacture them."

The Boston aunt was, it must be confessed, somewhat scandalized by this breezy allegory, and told herself that Margret's ideas must be the weedy growth of cynicism, resulting from a disastrous love affair. Nevertheless, she ventured to observe that possibly her charming niece had done her part in contributing to the "bargain counter of hearts," she so vigorously railed against, and the "charming niece," as though conscious of being studied, replied in lighter vein, with no trace of her former seriousness, that just so she wasn't put there herself, she

would be well content. "And it is of no consequence at all if I remain on the shelf for awhile," she added. And so the subject had been dismissed.

But Mrs. Rachel Logan was too important a personage to keep in hiding so striking a girl as her niece, and the lithe, graceful figure of Miss Bascombe soon became familiar as she drove, rode, or walked, always accompanied by the eighteen-year old Tom, who had early fallen a victim to her varied charms.

Fashion stared, commented, approved. In a short time Mrs. Logan's friends were paying due homage to Mrs. Logan's niece, who, in spite of their desire to dine her and wine her, preserved a provoking independence of manner, and accepted or refused invitations after a fashion peculiarly her own. Much was forgiven on the score of Western rearing, and her conventionally free ways, her whimsical views, her moods of boredom and ennui were lamented by her conservative admirers, but pardoned, for she possessed that rarest of all gifts, a personal magnetism, that won for her friends, though they disapproved.

One morning, early in November, she entered her aunt's upstairs sitting-room arrayed in the clinging, silken folds of a violet-colored morning gown. She greeted the invalid, as she lay on the couch before a blazing fire, with a cheery good morning, complimenting her on her improved appearance, then, spying Wrinkles, the stately pug, she stooped and ruthlessly awakened him from his dog dreams of chops and bones galore by pressing a fervent kiss between his bulging eyes, and finally settled herself comfortably among the luxurious cushions of a window seat preparatory to describing, as was her custom, the dinner party given in her honor the night before by Mrs. James Paxton. In place, however, of beginning in her usual lively manner to give a dramatic review of the entertainment she remained silent, gazing long and intently at her hands as they lay clasped in her lap, absorbed, apparently, in the contemplation of them. As she sat there, boldly challenging the light, Mrs. Logan thought her as charming a study from life as one could find on canvas or in the model's chair. The outline of the head and face, the dark hair coiled low on the neck, waving away from the broad, white forehead, the shadows about the eyes, recalled to her mind Alma Tadema's girl in his picture "Expectations." The face was possibly a trifle long, but had not the nose been straight and the mouth and chin well modeled, the eyes alone would have held you and silenced any inclination toward criticism—ever changing, mysteriously baffling—their charm was unescapable. Deep blue in color, they were streaked with black like a marble and shaded with dark, curling lashes.

An artist looking into them once had said: "You have a heart of snow, but a volcano is beneath. Whether it has heat intense enough to melt the snow I can not say." She never admired that artist nor his work afterward. At this moment, looking at Mrs. Logan with a half amused, half provoked, expression in them, she abruptly questioned:

"Aunt Rachel, would it ever occur to you to say that I had cruel hands?"

Grown accustomed to the unexpected Mrs. Logan replied, betraying no surprise: "I have never made a study of hands, but I should have said that you have unusually beautiful ones."

"Well, yes, so should I," Margret responded, looking at her meditatively, "but it seems that I haven't. In short, I found out a great many things about myself last night, and from a young man whose knowledge of me is very limited, but it was entertaining to a degree—to a degree," she repeated in a tone Mrs. Logan failed to interpret. Then, noticing the perplexed questioning in her aunt's eyes, she resumed with a little laugh: "Mrs. Paxton told me, you know, that I was to be taken into dinner by the lion of the day, an eccentric, talented and much sought-after Philadelphian, who is visiting here at present. I accepted the situation, and expected to find a conventionally-patterned society balloon, well filled with his own importance, attitudinizing in the reputation of a genius. I resolved to wear my most fetching gown and smile, and fascinate him. I knew that I could, for long-haired poets, medium-haired musicians, and curly-haired artists all declare an affinity for me. I suppose they recognize my rouged make-up as akin to their own. But, my dear," and at this point the blue eyes sparkled with a reminiscent glow, "when I was presented, and glanced at my victim, behold! I was face to face with Mr. J. Lawrence Sterns, a man whom I met three years ago at Mackinac, and have heard from once or twice but never seen again until now."

Mrs. Logan, perceiving that Margret was in danger of falling into another abstracted reverie, hastened to question her as to her friend's appearance and characteristics.

"Well, that summer I thought him awfully homely. But I don't know just what I think now; he is tall and broad, and indefinite as to coloring, but he has a very keen and telling eye. He has adopted glasses since the old days North. I asked him if his soul had so expanded that it had broken the windows nature had provided, and must needs be protected by artificial ones; and I wish you could have seen the pitying smile with which he rewarded my flippant attempt at cleverness. He looked at me a minute, and then said in his jerkily, fluent way, 'Never mind about that, Miss Bascombe, I'm sure it does not interest you;

besides, I hate the preliminaries of a renewed acquaintance—the regulation questionings. I am delighted to see you again, and I take for granted you are glad to see me, so let us begin in the middle. Do tell me something of your development during the past three years—your spiritual development, I mean. Have you perfected yourself in anything?' Of course, I talked a lot of nonsense, for his steady gaze exhilarated me. After a while he interrupted me with: 'Don't say any more to-night, you disappoint me. And yet I think I understand you—our natures are in touch, I'm sure. I felt this to be so three years ago. Few people understand me, but you will if you think it worth while. Do you think me changed?' But he hardly waited for my answer, 'Just the same only more so,' before he continued, musingly: 'You have cruel hands; I remember observing that at Mackinac.' I suppose I looked angry, for he added, 'Don't be offended, for really I am very much interested in you. Do you know I intended leaving to-morrow, but I shall stay now as long as you prove interesting.' If any one else had said such a thing to me I should have been furious, but it was too 'Sterns-y' to arouse my ire, and, after all, I *was* glad to see him, he is so queer."

Mrs. Logan thoroughly enjoyed Margret in this mood, and proceeded to draw her on to speak further of the new man. "Are you quite sure he is perfectly balanced, Margret, or do you think you will find in him the original pattern you are looking for?"

"You are quite aware that I am skeptical as to the human design I want, but you need not trouble for Mr. Stern's mind. He is an unusually bright man for twenty-eight. To be sure, he has no profession, and frankly confesses himself a drifter—a dreamer—a philosopher—a follower of Barres in his theory of individualism—an egotist in a way; but I predict a remarkably good or bad end for him. He is not mediocre in any way. What he chiefly lacks is objective energy. There seems to be no point to which he is working. He has had the best advantages in education and travel; is intelligently fond of music and art, and has tried his hand at writing, but it is to be regretted that he is dreadfully absent-minded and emotional, and frank to rudeness. I remember one evening at Mackinac as we sat on the veranda of the hotel, I noticed a shooting star and exclaimed, instinctively making a wish. After a few minutes' silence he looked up in a dazed sort of a way and said, 'Shooting star—ah, yes! where?' But it strikes me we are devoting a great deal of time to J. Lawrence, and the dinner, meanwhile, has grown very cold."

And Mr. J. Lawrence Sterns was not referred to again in the

description of the guests, and of the entertainment that Miss Bascombe gave in her bright, sketchy style for her aunt's amusement. But during the weeks that followed it was necessary to refer to him on more than one occasion, for he was pleased to be a constant visitor at Mrs. Logan's house, and devoted himself exclusively to Margret, who could not determine whether she tolerated, liked or hated him. She only knew that when he was there she wished him away, and when he was away she wished him there. Mrs. Logan, upon meeting him, decided at once in his favor. She admired the shape of his head, his manners, his position, and, perhaps, his wealth, and if she scented an embryo romance under her own roof, and was secretly rejoiced that a heart drama might be enacted on her own little stage, she was not so different from her sister match-makers all over this wide world. And so it was that she extended a cordial invitation to Mr. Sterns to feel free to come to her house whenever, and as often, as he wished, and Mr. Sterns was nothing loth to avail himself of the privilege thus offered him. He brought Margret books, music, flowers ; with him she heard the best operas, concerts and lectures. To the fact that people talked, raised their brows and shrugged their shoulders, he was utterly indifferent. Miss Bascombe, uncertainly pleased, acknowledged her interest in him, but resented a certain possessory manner he exhibited toward her which caused Tom to emphatically declare him "an impertinent lunatic." What attention she gave other men did not seem to annoy him in the least. She was never able to arouse him into betraying even the semblance of jealousy. He simply waited until she was free and then resumed his place by her side. In reward for such unobtrusive devotion, she would one day be sympathetic, winning, friendly, and the next affect a frivolity which would cause him to exclaim, "Ah, we are not in harmony to-day ; you grate upon me ; the depths of your nature are lost in a superficiality that is intensely disagreeable." After one such occasion he did not appear for several days. Mrs. Logan's hours were passed in speculation as to the cause. Miss Bascombe was piqued more than she cared to confess, but "I suppose I have ceased to be interesting," was all she would say on the subject.

At length one very stormy evening he was announced. Mrs. Logan had retired with a headache, Tom had betaken himself to the theater, and no other friend was apt to venture out in such a night, so it was left to Margret to entertain her guest alone. Hurt by his unexplained absence, she greeted him in an unusually flippant manner—the mood she knew he most disliked. "And where have you been my friend ; in the clouds, or

dreaming fair dreams, or composing a great poem to electrify me with?" She sat smiling at him; cold, brilliant, as he regarded her with half-closed, seemingly indifferent eyes. A pregnant silence followed her opening effort. The smile died from Miss Bascombe's face, and she nervously played with the fan in her hand. "Well, speak thy thoughts, Ogre!" she exclaimed half pettishly; "I suppose they are of me and uncomplimentary, but speak on."

"You are quite right, Miss Margret, they are of you;" he spoke with a scarcely perceptible hesitancy; "I have stayed away the past few days simply because I have not wished to see you. It gives me more pain than pleasure to be near you, and yet I wish to be with you. Please do not for a moment think that I am in love with you, for I am not. I have seen many women that I have admired more, and who are more lovable. I am only unhappy for your sake—not my own. Miss Bascombe, I place truth above all else—even gentlemanliness, and I am disappointed in you. I have seen you in all lights. I have studied you, and your real character is fine, but your assumed one dwarfed. You have traveled and read much, but in reality you have never been out of your native Chicago. Your sympathy is all for Bascombeville—it has never traveled even so far as Sternsville, though the way is short."

He ceased suddenly, and waited for the raising of the lowered lids to read in her eyes indignation, wounded vanity, anger. But as he uttered the last word, with her head a little on one side, she lifted those wondrous eyes to his, full of a laughing light: "Why don't you go, then, if I'm all that you say?" She pointed with a little mock stage effect towards the door, her eyes still smiling. "Why do you stay, you, the possessor of a soul so perfect, a heart so perfect, a personality so perfect? Your interest in me is most kind, the good you have done me immeasurable, and now that your work is finished, it remains for you to go."

"I cry you mercy, if you use the sharp-pointed dagger of sarcasm to answer me. I can not cope with you—in such a duel of words I am worsted. Margret, the pain I feel when near you is real—but let me stay, I can not leave you, little one; I do not understand myself; I am as one drugged."

Had he been permitted to look into Miss Bascombe's down-cast eyes, he would have seen a mingling of triumph and tenderness in their depths. But all he saw was the impassive, beautiful profile which told no tale. He had come close to her side, and stood looking down upon her.

"You will not pardon, then? Will you answer me just one question? What are your true feelings at this moment? You

have been acting, now be honest—be honest to the real self."

"I think I have none," she replied, her head bending lower, "or if I have, they are not worth the analyzing."

"But if I wish to know?" he persisted, impatiently.

"Then I am incompetent to gratify you. My thoughts at this instant are cradled in a complexity of ideas—I wish one thing, I say another, and do yet another. I—ah! but let us drop all this, Mr. Sterns; let us be friends." Her speaking eyes sought his face, her hand was extended in token of goodfellowship, her whole pose was one of expectancy, and then—she could not quite remember afterward how it happened—her hand was covered with passionate kisses, and in another moment she was alone.

"I think the colors harmonize," she soliloquized in her own room that night; "I think it is the piece I want—the pattern I've been seeking for." And her dreams were of stores filled with counters burdened with goods of every kind, but the one she seemed to be struggling to possess, and which the clerk assured her there was not enough of, was a tan check with invisible, half-closed eyes peeping through the squares. She laughed as she recalled the dream fancy the following morning, and blushed a little consciously as she selected her prettiest morning gown. The blush had scarcely faded, and the finishing touches to her toilet been given, when the maid entered with a note for "Miss Bascombe, just brought by a messenger boy." Miss Bascombe blushed decidedly this time; she detained the girl a moment with a meaningless question, and then when she was alone, smiled as she cut the envelope. "Just like him," she murmured, "any one else would have waited." Then she drew forth the paper and read, "I leave to-night. I came very near making a fatal mistake this evening. I can not give you friendship, yet the feeling I have for you is not a personal love; it is a love embracing womankind. I have experienced it before—I shall probably again. I may be a self-centered dreamer, but I do not live in the world's feelings and thoughts. I do not expect you to understand me—I am alone."

Alone! alone! oh, God, alone,  
I seem of times now long, long gone,  
Burned in dust of years.

Forgive me if you can.—J. L. S."

"Just like him," she murmured again, as she threw the letter on the burning coals; the lips still smiled, but the eyes were cold and lifeless; "given a man + a woman + credulity + novelty + irresponsibility — sincerity = a Remnant, and the problem is solved."

*J. C. Robinson.*

## WHY A JEW IS NOT A FARMER.

**T**HREE are, comparatively, so few, even intelligent and fairly well educated people, familiar with the history of the Jews, especially that portion of it which is post-biblical, that many queer notions are formed about them, not the least of which is, "That you never see a Jew farmer." In the endeavor to meet this reproach, for as such it is nearly always intended, I shall simply rely on history, and select my arguments from its pages, not doubting but that even the relatively few I shall be able to make use of in an article of limited space will be a revelation to many who have never given the subject any serious thought.

According to the earliest known records of Jewish history—almost at the beginning of history itself—the Jews were a nation of herdsmen and tillers of the soil, with no inclination for trading. When the plains of Mesopotamia were as yet thinly settled, or entirely unoccupied, we find Abraham, a powerful emir (prince) of the country, pitching his tent wherever fertile pastures invite him. Isaac begins the tillage of the green soil, which had as yet been unbroken by the plough, and Jacob purchases land, and follows in the footsteps of his fathers. In Egypt, Goshen, the most fertile and best pasture land in the country, is assigned them.

From Egypt, they at first emerge as "fierce and irresistible warriors," conquer their native valleys of Palestine, and at once relapse into the comparatively peaceful, agricultural and pastoral nation that they had always been; never engaging in wars of conquest, like the powerful empires did which eventually sprung up around them, though they were ever ready, with heroic valor, to defend their liberty. "We are ignorant of war, we would eat our bread in peace; but if you force us to fight you shall find us men of courage," they said many centuries later to Mohammed in Arabia (where they had established several independent kingdoms) in reply to his alternative "Islamism or war."

In the allotment of Palestine each family was assigned a piece of land (presumed to have been about twenty acres) and each man "sat under his own vine and fig tree."

Solomon made a "reciprocity" treaty with the King of Tyre, by which, as David had done before, the Hebrew nation supplied Tyre, Sidon and the other cities of the Phœnician League with corn, barley, wheat, wine and oil of Palestine; and received in return, timber, stone, precious metals, Tyrian purple and other articles of manufacture; so that it was said that Tyre

was the port of Palestine—Palestine the granary of Tyre. Usury was strictly forbidden. The loan of money was a charitable accommodation due from a brother to a brother. All were subject to serve in the army, except the newly married, or those who had just taken a piece of *new land for cultivation*.

They were an independent yeomanry—farmers pure and simple—residing on their hereditary farms, the boundaries of which remained forever the same. Land could be sold only for a limited period. It reverted at the Jubilee to the original owner.

In Babylonia they remained a separate and independent colony, and by degrees became possessed of considerable property; and many attained great eminence in the affairs of state.

At the first migration only 42,560 men returned; the balance refused to abandon their possessions, and later on we find them there in great opulence, as husbandmen and artisans.

After rebuilding the Temple, the historian tells us, “the people quietly pursued their rural occupations and cultivated the luxuriant soil, and yet possessed treasures of poetry which rivaled that of the Greeks, and a moral wisdom which might put to shame that of Plato, and sent forth the great religious instructors of the world.”

Judas Maccabee from his little army of six thousand excused all who had *planted vineyards*, built houses or were newly married, reducing his force to three thousand.

When the Jews refused to pay Caligula divine honors, and pleaded with the Roman governor for forty days—(“We have no thoughts of war,” they said, “but we will submit to be massacred rather than infringe our law”)—great danger of a famine was threatened, as it was sowing time, and the land remained uncultivated.

In China, as early as 249 B. C., we find Jews engaged in agriculture as well as traffic. An inscription dated in 1515 praises them for their “integrity in agricultural pursuits, in traffic, in the magistracy and in the army, and assures them of the Emperor’s high esteem.”

In Spain, before Constantine’s reign, they were cultivators of the soil to a great extent, and attained unexampled prosperity. A decree of the time, by the Council of Elvira, interdicted the meeting of Jewish and Christian farmers at harvest festivals, lest the prayer of the Jews might “render unavailing the otherwise powerful benediction of the church.”

In the seventh century bigotry, envy and avarice began in earnest to pursue them. Laws were passed to force them to

abandon their religion or to leave the realm (ninety thousand submitted to baptism). Jews could not bring action or testify against Christians. They were put in chains, banished and their property was confiscated (the land was restored upon conversion). The circumcision of a child was visited upon the father by mutilation, on the mother by the loss of her nose and seizure of her property. No marriage was to be contracted without a clause that both the husband and wife would become Christians. If in certain cases children were raised as Jews, their property reverted to the lord of the soil. Those who harbored or assisted the flight of a Jew were scourged and lost their possessions.

Under the Gothic king, Egica, the property of the Jews was confiscated, they were all dispersed as slaves, and their children under seventeen years seized and married to Christians.

A great flight took place. Witiza, the next king, attempted too late to heal the wounds. He granted the exiles permission to return with full rights of freedom and citizenship. They did return to the enjoyment of all rights, but under the flag of the Moorish caliphs.

In the East the Moslemite imposed such heavy taxes on all unbelievers (a believer paid a tenth; an unbeliever a fifth and even as much as a third of the produce), that the Jews readily sold their land, which offered little remuneration, and engaged in trade which offered a great deal.

During the feudal system in Europe the J<sup>e</sup>w was only tolerated as a source of revenue, and this had the effect to detach him entirely from the cultivation of the soil.

They were more wretched in the age of chivalry. The knight was bound by the tenure of his order to hate the Jew. It was a prevailing feeling that his sins might be washed away by the blood of his infidel fellow creatures.

In Grenada, though R. Samuel Levi was vizier to the king, fifteen hundred families, noted for their wealth and splendor, were driven to destitution.

The Crusaders, under Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless, and under the guidance of a goose and a goat, began a relentless pillage, violation and massacre of every Jew they could find. At one place in France men slew their own children to save them from worse usage by these savages, and women tied stones around their necks and plunged from bridges into the river. In Cologne two hundred Jews were dragged from the river and hewn to pieces. In Worms they slew each other to escape worse horrors. Everywhere, from France to Hungary, the tracks of the Crusaders were marked with Jewish blood.

Pope Eugenius III. committed the "charitable injustice" to release all debts due the Jews to appease the savage mob and in the hope of averting further bloodshed.

Though in France, under Charlemagne, Louis the Debonaire and Charles the Bald, the Jews attained great distinction and prosperity (their superior intelligence and education at a time when nobles and kings, and even the clergy, could not always write their names, pointed them out for offices and trust—a Jew, Isaac, was sent twice by Charlemagne as ambassador to the splendid caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid; and one of the two mayors of Narbonne was always a Jew, and Jews often were the financial ministers of the great feudatories), Philip Augustus confiscated all debts due them (they had mortgages on half of Paris and almost on all the estates in the north of France; even the clergy were their debtors); many were dragged to prison, all immovable property was confiscated, and they were demanded *instantly* to leave the country. They took little with them from the scenes of their birth and infancy but their destitute wives and children. Twenty years later this haughty monarch bargained with them to return.

In 1234 Louis IX., "for the welfare of his soul," annulled one-third of all debts due the Jews.

In Brittany they were banished, and their debts annulled. No Christian was to be molested who killed a Jew. It was charged that they were in alliance with evil spirits and were prohibited from practicing as physicians. Twenty-four cart loadsful of their Talmuds were burned in Paris as containing these mysterious secrets. Louis needed money for his Crusade, and all their property and debts were seized for the king. The Jews fled from the North. To mark them as objects of persecution, every Jew, male and female, had to wear a patch of blue cloth in front and on the back of his garment. "We are fatigued with the dreary prospect that still spreads before us," says a celebrated historian; "we know not where to look for gleams of Christian mercy through these clouds of fanaticism and injustice."

In 1267, among other things, the Council of Vienna interdicted the cultivation of land by Jews.

Philip IV. expelled them and seized their property and debts. Louis X. was constrained, because of an empty treasury, to readmit them upon payment of a large sum of money. They returned. "Unhappy race, the earth, perhaps, offered them no better asylum," says Dean Milman. They were permitted to settle for twelve years and encouraged to reclaim their debts not recovered before by the crown. Two-thirds of all they thus collected went to the king. Under the next king,

Philip the Long, "the rising of the peasants" took place, led by a priest and a monk, whose supposed object was to reclaim the Holy Land. They pillaged, tortured and massacred.

At Verdun the governor gave a tower to five hundred Jews, who fled there. The immense mob assailed it and set fire to the gates. The desperate Jews threw their children down to the besiegers in hopes of mercy, and then slew each other to a man. Similar scenes took place in nearly all the cities of Languedoc.

Yet this was but the beginning of their sorrows. An epidemic pestilence broke out, and the Jews were charged, as agents of the King of Tunis and other infidel kings, with poisoning the wells. They were burned without distinction. The king received 150,000 livres from the spoils. The richest had been imprisoned, and Charles IV., on his accession, pardoned the survivors upon payment of a large sum of money. They were permitted to leave their prisons to collect the sum required, and as the height of mercy, permitted to leave the kingdom. In 1348 a second pestilence broke out, and while they themselves were perishing by hundreds, the old charge was renewed, and those whom the plague had spared perished by the sword. Yet on payment of a large sum and a yearly stipulated amount for each head, they were allowed to return for twenty years, which permission Charles V. renewed for six and then for fifteen years, until Charles VI. expelled them for the last time.

In Germany during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they held their wealth and lives on the most precarious tenure. The Flagellants (a fanatic horde) held that they atoned for their sins against the God of Mercy by plundering and murdering the Jews.

In England fanatic friars were preaching the Crusade with the usual results. In York about fifteen hundred Jews took refuge in a castle and boldly manned the citadel in the governor's absence. After a manful resistance for many days the end came. But rather than submit to horrible torments they set fire to the castle, cut the throats of their wives and children and then their own. The mob in frenzied disappointment rushed to the archives in the cathedral and in an enormous bonfire burned up all the mortgages which belonged to the Jews.

Richard, when he returned from captivity, instituted an investigation, but took possession of their property which had been taken by the murderers. The crafty John, for a consideration (4,000 marks) first favored the Jews, but subsequently imprisoned all of them and confiscated their wealth. Cruel torments were resorted to extort confession of their treasures. One Jew of Bristol had a tooth pulled each day. He lost seven

and saved the rest upon payment of 10,000 marks. A third of their movables was demanded in 1230. Enormous sums were exacted from them within the next few years, and the Jews themselves petitioned to leave the country. Finally the king sold all Jews in England to his brother Richard and gave him full control over their property and persons.

The last act of Henry of Winchester disqualified the Jews from holding lands or even tenements. All lands or manors were taken from them.

Edward expelled them, seized all their property, and left them just enough to pay their expenses to foreign lands, equally inhospitable. The convents took their valuable libraries.

The property of Jews condemned as heretics by the Inquisition in Spain, went, one-third to the holy office, one-third for expenses, and one-third to the crown. They were burned alive without knowing their accusers or being confronted with the witnesses.

In 1492 they were expelled from a land which "they had fertilized with their industry, enriched with their commerce and adorned with their learning." They were allowed to take certain movables and bills of exchange. Their houses and land were sacrificed—as the market became glutted and nobody would buy in April what he could get for nothing after July.

The blood runs cold in following their miseries.

At the close of the eighteenth century the fierce spirit of animosity gave way to a milder spirit, still Frederick the Great of Prussia came nigh reinaugurating the middle ages. The Jews were burdened with enormous and special taxes, excluded from civil functions, and not alone from the most profitable branches of trade, but also from agriculture.

An instance of extortion that reads very funny in this age—though not so far removed—was the law requiring every Jew, upon the marriage of a son, to purchase porcelain to the amount of \$300 from a porcelain factory which the king owned.

Thus having been, by nature and education, a race of farmers, persecuted for centuries, excluded from agricultural as well as from all industrial pursuits, plundered, ravished, murdered and exiled whenever a needy king or a bankrupt noble needed money, or an ignorant populace was excited into frenzy by an insenate and fanatic clergy, and deprived of the right to possess land, their activity was compressed into the narrower channel of traffic, and the old innate, inherited trait of husbandry was rooted out in the Jews' composition as completely as if it had never existed there, and that of commerce was developed, until now the nation of farmers and herders of cattle have changed into a nation of merchants and financiers.

Even if permitted, as occasionally they were, to own land, what Jew—proverbially known to have been more intelligent than his barbarous oppressor—would invest in land or property not easily convertible, when it was liable to be taken from him at any moment, or at best be sacrificed and he driven out of the country? A contemporary writer of the Spanish expulsion relates that he saw a Jew sell a house for an ass, and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth.

Lord Macaulay summed up the situation most eloquently in the English Parliament, not so very many years ago. The following is an extract :

" We long forbade them to possess land, and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition, and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force, and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defense of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-getting, money-changing, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honorable friend from Oxford that there is nothing in their national character which misfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that in the infancy of civilization, when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterward the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and poets. What nation contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation, even in its last agonies, gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if in the course of many centuries the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers, if, while excluded from the blessings of law, and bowed down under an oppressive yoke, they have contracted some vices, shall we consider that as a matter of reproach to them? Shall we not rather consider it a matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this, let us not presume to say there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees."

*M. Kaufman.*

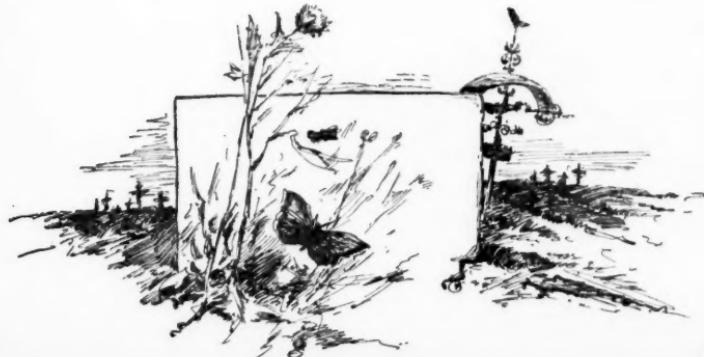


## HONEYSUCKLE.

DEAR honeysuckle, sweetest vine ;  
Around thee youthful mem'ries twine ;  
About my heart thy tendrils cling,  
I name thee sweetest living thing,  
Nor could I love thee more.  
No matter where my feet may roam,  
Thy perfume breathes to me of home,  
In old Kentucky's storied land—  
One planted by my mother's hand  
Grew near our cottage door.

Sweet honeysuckle, sacred vine ;  
Above her grave thy tendrils twine ;  
To broken door thy branches cling ;  
Thy fragrance sweetens breath of spring  
From one year to another.  
God's blessing on thee, faithful flower,  
Thou tender link with childhood's hour,  
Still cheer my footsteps as I roam  
With loving thoughts of friends and home,  
My native land and mother.

*George Griffith Fetter.*





"THY FRAGRANCE SWEETENS BREATH OF SPRING FROM ONE YEAR TO ANOTHER."

## THE BURDEN OF MYSTERY.

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### CHAPTER V.

"Doubting that things go ill often hurts more than to be sure they do."



R. ROMNEY'S home was a substantial linked structure, rambling over the end of a peninsular formed on one side by Bayou Petit Drole and on the other by a lake which should have received the name of St. Clair, but which had gotten sinisterly christened in honor of a personage not noted for translucency, despite his head and rear-light appendages. The doctor's family consisted of something less than five hundred members, of all ages, sexes, colors and nationalities ; and a census man could have filled volumes with their individual peculiarities.

That the doctor took a lively interest in the happiness and welfare of his numerous family was evident to the stranger who stepped ashore with him from a gay little yacht, and strolled up the avenue of magnolias. The month was May—a Southern May—with its soft breezes, verdure and fragrance. Flowers bloomed in urns, baskets, beds, designs, and in masses or clusters in corners and spots whither zephyrs had wafted the seed, gravity sowed and nature cultivated them. Arbors of trimmed evergreens or of gnarled wood clematis-covered, hammocks suspended from ancient oaks, and scattering jasmine blossoms in odorous showers as they swung to and fro ; lawn chairs, settees, games, and every conceivable outdoor luxury tended to make the inmates of this grim home forget bolts and bars when the doors were swung wide and they were turned loose a gamboling, sometimes wrangling, crowd of grown-up children. Hedges of roses inclosed courts whence came the sound of song and laughter now and then intermingled, as were the roses with thorns, with cries and curses. But taking it all in all, there was more sunshine than gloom in this hospital for the insane ; and the stranger coming up the avenue with Dr. Romney felt his shuddering anticipation gradually yielding to surprised curiosity.

As they came upon a group in light print dresses and wide straw hats Dr. Romney called out jovially: "Hey, friends, guess who this is from !" He waved a letter aloft, and there followed a helter-skelter break toward him.

"Dot ! Dot ! Dot !" came in an eager chorus, and the doctor

instantly became the center of a threatening mob of news-seekers who left no doubt in the mind of the stranger as to the place occupied by the absent one—whether child, girl or young lady, in the hearts of her strange home circle.

"Here is a message for all of you. 'Tell them,'" and he began, reading from a page he had not yet found but was flourishingly turning to, "'that I shall be at home in two weeks more, and I shall have hours and hours of delightful things to tell them about my life here; about my room that is just like theirs, with its little white bed and bright foot rug, its pretty table with white bowl and pitcher, and a mirror above against the wall, and its bolted doors and screened windows (you needn't mention their being fly-screens.) And they shall see me in my uniform—my purple dress and straw scoop with purple baize tail. Oh, I am too comical looking! But everything is lovely here; the high fences, the locked gates, the bogey looking Sisters, at our elbows and never allowing us so much as a peek into the big, wicked world outside without them. It is *so* like home, only more so!"

"I wish that Romantic Tillie could stay here a little while. She would find it harder to dodge the Sisters than she did her attendant that day she climbed the hedge and tumbled into Petit Drole so somebody would *romantically rescue* her, do you remember? And Good Rachel could pray on hard floors and fast as often as she pleased instead of having to go out into the sunshine and fresh air and swing in hammocks *in wicked idleness* like you make her do. Tell Queen Margaret I shan't ever *flout* her again; I have learned to be respectful to my superiors. And you can make my bow to the Emperor, and say that the next time his Highness asks me to *tread the stately Lancers* with him I'll jump at the honor, for I am sick of dancing with girls.'"

And so on, and so on, through pages of messages to different personages of illusory titles, the letter revealing to the stranger the peculiar trend of the mind of a child reared amid such surroundings. She seemed to live in a world peopled with the fancies of her insane companions; and though it certainly was not a healthful atmosphere for a young mind, it had developed her into a weird, fantastic, imaginative creature who would be an absorbing study to a psychologist. Not yet aware of all this, however, but nevertheless feeling a strange interest in the absent young girl in her distant convent school, the stranger followed Dr. Romney into his private office with less hesitancy than he had counted upon when the time should come for him to declare his mission. Where insanity was so cheerfully

encountered and dealt with it was divested of some of the tragic awe in which the outside world held it.

"Doctor, in submitting my case to you it is reassuring to know that you are not likely to be astonished at any sort of mental vagaries confided to you. My name is Philip Herrick." Noting the change in Dr. Romney's countenance he added



bitterly, "Perhaps my unfortunate notoriety has penetrated even here?"

"I have heard of you," Dr. Romney admitted. "Your case was a peculiarly interesting one and I followed it closely; but I thought the court proved—"

"Pardon me, the court proved nothing, not even that I had dreamed the tragedy. It decided from negative evidence that I

had not been out of my room, but such a decision left me under a darker shadow than positive but irresponsible guilt would have done."

Dr. Romney looked at him keenly. "You do not accept the explanation, then?"

"And pronounce myself insane? No."

"Tut, tut, dreams are not insanity."

"Morbid dreams are akin to it, and delusions are its off-springs."

Both were silent for a moment. "Why have you come to me?" Dr. Romney asked.

"To settle my uncertainty. I would rather know myself to be insane than to live in constant doubt of my sanity. If you will receive me under your charge for the present—"

"Have you taken into consideration that such a step will irrevocably blast your professional future?"

"As a private patient I thought possibly the world might never know—"

"Such things follow a man; but, anyway, the law does not permit me to receive you as a private patient; this is a State institution not a private sanitarium, and besides, you are from another State."

"May I ask you, then, to advise me what to do?"

Dr. Romney got up and walked the room with his thumbs in his arm-holes and a puzzled frown on his face. "It wouldn't do to add you to my medical corps as a nonremunerated assistant. I have one or more of them on hand all the time—take young graduates, you know, who want a year's experience in hospital work—but the responsibility in your case, . . . you understand, . . . um—um— . . . I have it! How would you like the position of private secretary for a few months? That would be purely a personal matter with myself, and you would be a member of my family and could have Dot's room—just come with me a minute, young man."

The doctor rushed off with long strides in the direction of a distant and isolated part of the building which Herrick recognized a little later as the private apartments of the superintendent. In the hall they met a lady of the fair-fat-and-forty type who the doctor introduced as "sister Josie." They went up a flight of stairs and entered a room which, owing to the generous basement below, had a height from the ground of a third floor. The room was the absent Dot's and proclaimed her eccentricity in its whimsical furniture and fittings. It conformed in outline to the ward bedrooms, only the bedstead was brass instead of iron, the pictures works of art instead of chromos and lithographs, and the rugs oriental.

"See those bars? There were only three of them at first. I had them put on less for safeguards than to humor Dot's fancy—which has a decided crook in it, as you will learn—but they did not meet her requirements at all, and I had to have them put clean to the top of the window to keep her from repeating the experiment of showing how easily a sure-enough crazy person could climb over them and drop out. Not that she dropped; but she climbed, and I thought I should be bald-headed from fright ere I could get up here and drag the little wretch in. . . . She's a queer young one!"

Herrick naturally felt curious to know why he had been brought into this nursery, or at least, the sanctum of an eccentric child, and was on the point of materializing his emotions into the form of a question when Dr. Romney began to unfold a plan that had been maturing in his mind since the announcement of his guest's name and mission.

That night when he was the strange occupant of still stranger quarters for a young man, Dr. Romney and "sister Josie" were discussing him in a room not far away.

"Is he our Philip Herrick?"

"The same!" Dr. Romney exclaimed dramatically, while he chuckled at the proprietorship obtained solely through an absorbing interest in the newspaper accounts of the stranger's case.

"And he is uneasy about himself and wants to put himself under your care for a time?"

"Josie, you frighten me with your clairvoyant powers!" her brother protested, screening his head in a paper.

"Richard, don't be ridiculous. I am interested in this young man and I want to understand his position here."

"You are certainly justified in the latter, at least. . . .

Well, he is my private secretary; he will eat at our table and occupy Dot's outgrown domains. The bars will *not* be removed from the windows, and I shall manipulate a bolt on the outside of his door."

"Then you really think him—ah—er—unbalanced?"

"I don't think this time of night, Josie. Good night, pleasant dreams!"

"Just one more question, Richard. . . . Why are you burdening yourself with this extra responsibility?"

"It is a pretty case, Josie, too pretty to resist watching. . . . And—ah—Josie, my private secretary's name is Philips, *Mr.* Philips, . . . don't forget."

## CHAPTER VI.

"A moody child and wildly wise  
 Pursued the game with joyful eyes,  
 Which chose, like meteors, their way,  
 And rived the dark with private ray."



ERRICK'S case might be a "pretty" one from a psychologist's point of view, but from a personal standpoint it was grim and ugly as sin—grimmer and uglier, Philip thought, for a jealous murderer seemed to him less abhorrent than an irresponsible assassin. Sometimes he tried to persuade himself that the jury's verdict was true, that he had dreamed the whole affair; but the effort caused him to laugh aloud discordantly; he had seen the blood gush from Gabriel's throat and had heard his death-cry! It was a cry that had kept him awake too many nights already, and it promised to add one more now.

He sat at his window looking through the bars at the full moon lighting the cloud-flecked heavens. The chiseled face with throat caressed and encircled by ringlets and masses of rippling hair—a woman's face that has blotted out the immemorial man with his burning fagots—looked at him as might Helen have done had she seen his face behind those bars. A rage and despair filled his breast. He threw back his head, that the bars might seem to be across her cold and pitiless face. Nature humored his cruel whim and caused a rifted eclipse with scurrying strips of opaque vapor. . . . He forgot Helen and her galling fear of him, . . . it was Charlotte Corday gazing at him with heavenly sympathy. . . . From Charlotte Corday his thoughts, through many transitions and circuitous imaginings, came back to the former occupant of the room. How odd it must have seemed, to see a child's innocent face peering through those bars! Her father had said she was "a queer one," but there had been only love and pride, no pity, in his voice. . . . What was she like, this idol of an eccentric household? From her letter he could not judge whether she were ten or sixteen; he could not gauge the mental development of a child reared amidst such surroundings. Her adaptiveness to the various diseased fancies to which she sent messages perhaps indicated nothing as to maturity of thought, but was the natural result of association. He had once made

traveling acquaintance with a two-year-old tot who pointed her tiny finger at a cemetery past which they were flying and asked if it was "polo-grounds." A city-bred child whose tastes ran toward cereals once evoked derisive laughter from a little farmer lad by asking, in regard to a field of waving grain, "when the wheat would be ready to crack." Millers' children play mill; preachers', church; lawyers', court; so what was there bizarre in the imaginative bent of this child of the superintendent of a lunatic asylum? The patients called her "Dot," "little Dot," "pretty Dot," and her ambition was to be one of them, to live as they lived, to be guarded in the same way, to be subjected to the same rules, the same restrictions, in short, to model her young life in miniature after theirs. He could be sure of her unshaking friendship if of no one else on all the broad earth. How was she to recognize his claim upon her, when her father had planned so carefully to keep his true position among them unknown save to the necessary few? He trusted to her intuition, perhaps. He had never seen her, could not assign her even an approximate age, but he had a strong consciousness of a linked destiny with this singular child—or maiden—and looked forward with pleasure, strangely mixed with dread, to their meeting.

He retired, still wondering about her—with a persistency that could not be wholly attributed to his surroundings, for little was left to reveal her former occupancy of the room—and dreamed that she appeared before him, a hamadryad at the foot of her natal tree near the water's edge where he was standing, and made grimaces at him. He laughed himself awake, then shuddered to think that he could still laugh despite that death-cry. Altogether it was not a restful night, and Dr. Romney gave him a searching look when he entered upon his new duties the following morning.

The superintendent monopolized the time of his private secretary the whole of that first week, not allowing him so much as a glimpse into the interesting life around him nor much more than an introduction to the young physicians supplementing the medical corps of the institution. Horseback exercise being Dr. Romney's hobby, and companionship an imperative demand, his secretary found sufficient recreation and diversion in the surrounding beautiful country and the weird legends and superstitions of the bayous and marshes. During one of these rides, breaking a protracted silence, Dr. Romney turned upon him and said sharply, "Out with it! What is on your mind?"

"I was thinking," he replied with gloomy gravity, "whether my present position is one of justice to those with whom I am thrown in contact—don't mistake me, Doctor; I understand that,

ostensibly your secretary, I am in reality your private patient, under bolt and bar at night and more or less notice during the day. I appreciate the responsibility you have taken upon yourself and will, of course, lighten it as far as lies in my power; but—”

“ You are butting blindly, my young friend; however, you may as well know, for your own satisfaction, that, sane or insane, you are more closely watched than any other person on this place; that your chance for eluding vigilance and doing deeds you are just now living in morbid dread of is infinitesimal, and that the responsibility I assume in taking charge of your case is by no means lightly regarded. The doubt that caused me to adopt the course I am pursuing was not one to awaken



mere curiosity, but a keen desire to investigate in behalf of science the mental condition revealed by your confession. At the same time, the doubt was not well defined enough to justify the sacrifice of your future career in solving it. If, however, it suited my fancy to take you into my family, make you self-sustaining, and relieve the State of all care, expense and responsibility in the matter, my actions, even if they should become known, could not be criticised. And now, as proof of any gratitude you may think you owe me, I claim the absolute submission of your case to myself, and by that I mean for you to give up all self-analysis and devote your time, outside of your duties as secretary, to study in the line of your profession. It is true that you have graduated and are now ready to enter upon your career, but a short stay here will be no disadvantage to you, provided you do not willfully waste your time, and

you may go away wiser in many respects than you came to us."

"*Cui bono?* I can never go back to Louisville; my prospects are ruined there."

"Louisville is but a tiny spot upon this big round globe of ours, and would you fold your talents in a napkin and lay them away because, forsooth, Louisville rejects them? Fie! I mistook the material I have to work with."

Dr. Romney's impatience was in words only. He suspected the magnet that centered his protege's world in Louisville, and sympathized with him to a degree unimaginable to one not familiar with Cupid's supremacy among the same element of a lunatic asylum. To divert Herrick's thoughts from the gloomy channel into which they had drifted—for be it remembered that Dr. Romney was by no means satisfied as yet as to the mental condition of his private patient—he asked with abrupt amusement, "Did I tell you about the telegram I got from Dot the morning after your arrival? No? Well, it is a little queer, but we are never surprised at anything that emanates from that youngster's brain—she has mysterious sources of knowledge not visible to human ken. She telegraphed simply, 'Who is in my room?'"

"What!"

"Fact. Couldn't imagine at the time how she found it out, for the dispatch came soon after breakfast and no one had had time to let her know about you having been put in there. The room has belonged exclusively to Dot ever since it was built, you know."

"You say 'at the time'; have you learned since?"

"Yes, she dreamed it."

"Dreamed it!"

"To be sure. Dot's dreamland horoscopy is a recognized factor in the movements of this household. She saved Peter Dike's life by insisting upon my having the attendant take a rope with him one day when he was taking some patients out for a constitutional. She said some one was going to jump into the lake. Sure enough Peter took the plunge, and but for the rope he might not have been drawn out in a hurry, for it is dangerous business trying to rescue a man who is intent upon drowning. Since then a rope forms part of the promenading paraphernalia. And another time she screamed out in the night, and when Josie went to her she declared something dreadful was happening to Mary Stone. Investigation found Mary trying to commit suicide by means of knotted strips of sheeting looped over the transom."

Philip regarded Dr. Romney with amazed incredulity.

"Do you, a physician, a superintendent of an insane asylum, a student of mental troubles, encourage your child in such morbid dreaming, humor her belief in her power, and indulge her whimsical fancies?"

"Dot is no common young one," the doctor said with a laugh that ended in grave lines about the mouth and increased Philip's perplexity.

On another occasion he said, "Dr. Romney, I would like your permission to ask some questions about your daughter."

"About Dot? Certainly; ask away....No, not me; can't vouch for the coloring of my facts—ask the patients, the employees, the doctors, anybody."

When Philip left the room Dr. Romney soliloquized with an amused grunt, "Humph! another lesion in that interesting crank's brain. Whoever stops to ask permission to gratify curiosity!"

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#### CHAPTER VII.



T DID not occur to Philip that it was in anywise peculiar that he should be devoting this especial evening to thoughts of the strange child Dot. He had heard nothing else all day. It was the eve of her home-coming and all the place was agog with anticipation and reminiscence. She would not arrive until midnight; and although he had no hope, indeed no conscious desire, of seeing her before morning, he sat at his window watching the light in the distant railroad station and musing over the stories he had heard during the day.

"Semi-orphaned from birth, reared in a lunatic asylum, under the guardianship of an indulgent father and a doting aunt, nursed by a superstitious negro, deprived of childish companionship whose only substitute had been that of weak and fantastic minds in mature bodies, wielding her baby tongue from the first with experimental prattling in colloquialisms and technical terms natural to her surroundings, she early became a source of amusement to her loved ones and a wonder to strangers. Bred with an intuitive knowledge of red tape she ordered her life in accordance with the rules governing the patients under her father's charge; she retired and arose with the bells, was prompt at her

meals, and regular in her constitutionals. Every want of the institution being supplied upon a formal written warrant, termed a "requisition," she submitted her childish requests in the same official manner; and the steward was fond of telling how, when she was but five years old, she came to him one day for "a reperstation" to get her kitty out of the pantry. Indeed, she was a veritable grandchild of Mrs. Malaprop in her early wrestling with words that soon became familiar to her, and abundant were the vexed tears that came at others' laughter. For instance, the "Home Dramatic Club" gave a performance of *Rip Van Winkle* for the amusement of the patients. Some one, critically inclined, observed that Dr. Brown's impersonation of the character was not quite up to Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*. Dot, in repeating it said, "I heard him tell Mr. Ebers that you weren't quite so good as *Rip Van Jefferson*." Some one inconsiderately roared, whereupon Dot's eyes flashed and she proudly admitted, "Well, perhaps it was *Jeff Van Ripperson*."

She never willfully repeated anything that would get one in trouble—conducive to tale bearing as was the life she led—with one notable and invariable exception. Against pleadings, bribery, threats, or any force that might be brought to bear, she would report the mistreatment of a patient. Other rules might be violated or infringed in her sight and she would shrug her little shoulders and tell her conscience that it was the business of the supervisors to see and report such things. But when a helpless inmate, a wretched human being, deprived of liberty and subjected to the control of an attendant, received any indignity or cruelty at the hands of the one employed to care for and ameliorate his or her unfortunate condition, then would her little breast swell with humane wrath and her winged feet carry her to the father who, though kind and considerate of his employes when they were "off duty," was a martinet in his official life.

Two incidents, graphically portrayed to him during the day, Philip now recalled. One was pleasant; the other—he clenched his teeth in recollection of it.

The big bell in the tower had rung an end to the fortnightly dance. Patients had filed out of the amusement hall and gone to their several wards, attended—not after the manner of prisoners, but of school-children—both front and rear. Attendants had seen their charges to bed, turned out their lights and retired to their rooms, and the night-watches had gone on duty. Dot, at her window, wide-awake and still tingling with the music that had bewitched her feet, saw two figures across the moonlighted lawn. She recognized the sweethearts, and a grave look came

into her small face. She knew—in the same way that she knew the love affairs of every “lad and lassie” on the place—that these two had been “at outs” for a week ; and her sympathetic heart was troubled. She watched them with eager anxiety—would they “make up ?” She forgot the hour, so absorbed was she in the possible reconciliation, until footsteps beneath her window and the flash of a lantern betrayed a supervisor on the trail of just such delinquents. “George ! Mary !” she called softly, and the two disappeared in opposite directions, but not before the supervisor had caught their shadows and heard the call that revealed their substance. In remorse and anxiety Dot went to her father’s room and, sitting on his knee, with her arms twined cajolingly about his neck, confessed what she had seen and how she had unwittingly betrayed them. The supervisor would report the case the next morning, and she could not sleep a wink unless her father would make her a promise.

When the infringers of red tape met before the tribunal the following day, they stood anxious and penitent in the presence of the man they both feared and loved.

“What have you to say for yourselves ?” the superintendent asked severely.

“Well, sir, of course we knew we were violating rules,” answered George with dignified humility, “but the thing was just this way : The little misunderstanding between Mary and me had reached the point of a downright quarrel when that bell rang ; and Jake Growler’s yelling wouldn’t have been a circumstance compared to my conscience if I’d tried to sleep that night without asking Mary’s forgiveness.”

“You—ah !—obtained it, I presume ?”

George stammered something about having been on the point of doing so when Dot’s call warned them ; whereupon Mary ejaculated, “Oh, George !” so reproachfully that Dot’s father assured them his daughter had already confessed her part in the escapade, and her punishment, as an accomplice, was to be the fixing of punishment upon the two culprits, which sentence they would find written on the two slips of paper he now committed to them to be read after they had returned to their respective wards, and to be carried into effect upon their next evening “off duty.” [It may be remarked parenthetically that Dot’s co-operation enabled those who drew up the recreation list to have the proper young men and young women “off duty” the same evening.] George and Mary quitted the office in a flutter of curiosity. There was no guessing what the queer child’s punishment would be ; but of one thing they were quite certain, they were not going to be discharged.

Philip now, in retrospection, mused wonderingly over the earnestly-penned words—words that had been repeated to him that day in a tone of worshipful devotion to the little judge: “ Make up ! And never, *never*, NEVER quarrel again ! ”

The second story was not so agreeable, but it haunted him more persistently.

The child, only seven years old at the time, was standing on a veranda overlooking the high fence enclosing the recreation grounds of a violent class of female patients, and chanced to see an attendant strike one of her charges. With blazing eyes and stamping feet she descended and presented herself at the solid, wooden gate. She pounded and kicked until the



attendant came and unlocked it. “ I sa-saw you, and I shall te-tell on you ! ”

It occurred to Philip that every utterance of Dot’s yet repeated to him had been in this broken, jerky style. She was evidently very nervous and excitable. The attendant drew her inside the gate and allowed it to swing to with a heavy clang. She then coaxed, pleaded, finally tried to bribe, and, at last, in fear and anger threatened to leave Dot alone in this big, desolate prison-yard, into which opened the rear doors of the worst wards. From her favorite perch on the veranda Dot had often seen a raving lunatic dash from some one of those rear doors and rush about the grounds like a wild beast, to be pursued, captured, and conquered by one or more attendants

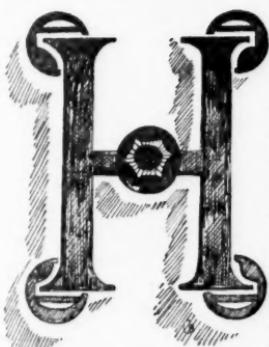
after a desperate struggle in which clothes were rent, faces scratched, and handfuls of hair parted with. Her shrill bravo! would ring out encouragingly when the disheveled attendant accompanied the unscathed captive back to the ward; and she would fly to her father with a glowingly enthusiastic account, supplemented with a grandiloquence weird in a child: "Miss Ra-Rachel fought to conquer, but Peggy f-fought to kill!" Under the attendant's threat she recalled some of those scenes, and her little face blanched. She turned her head from side to side, noting the high, smooth fence, and wooden gate without chink or crevice. The patients had been taken by their attendants to their respective wards, and the yard was deserted save for herself and this one guilty employe. Electric lights began to twinkle through the countless windows of the big, rambling building, and here and there about the grounds an arc-light flared up hissing, intensifying the gloom at remote points and conjuring up fantastic figures within the circle of its ghastly glow. To be left alone in this stamping-ground of dehumanized beings, to shrink into shadow and watch the doors from which a raging creature might emerge and glare into that hiding place by the fitful light that now and then dispelled it, to picture in imagination the subsequent chase within a sealed arena—The child's thoughts were not in these mature phrases, but in formless ideas as much more lurid as a wild, credulous, unreasoning terror could suggest. Through the chink of a half-open door the attendant watched the mental struggle of her little prisoner, guessing something of the ordeal the child was passing through, but little appreciating the frightful strain she was putting upon a nervous organism. She would allow no harm to come to the child, to be sure, but she must silence her in some way; she could not afford to be thrown out of a position without credentials. She appeared at the door and said sternly, "Will you promise not to tell?"

"No!" declared the child through clenched teeth; and the door slammed upon such stubbornness. She quivered with a new spasm of terror when the door clanged to; she did not suspect that the attendant was keeping a careful, even though an angry, watch on the other side. Through a doorway across the yard she saw some one appear. Her heart bounded with hope and terror; it might be an attendant, or, sometimes in the early evening, a patient, whom it was unsafe to turn loose among fellow patients during the day, would be given a solitary outing when the airing-court was otherwise deserted. Perhaps Olga Slavonsky, the brutal, demoniac Polish woman, would bound through one of those doors and rid herself of some of her pent-

up savage energy in a destructive raid through the grounds that were early each summer despoiled of everything save the giant trees trimmed high above ordinary reach, and the unwieldy iron settees. Or perhaps Nancy Rusher, Olga's rival in ferocious mischief, might own the grounds for that evening. Or "Cannibal Catherine;" or, or, or—there were so many whose very names struck terror to the child's heart that she dreaded to make out the figure across the yard even though she strained her eyes to do so. A flare of white light revealed the regulation gingham dress but not the face, and with the pitiful moan of the wounded or bayed animal—or, more nearly, with the doleful cry of a bird fluttering helplessly toward the serpent drawing it toward its death, she fled straight toward the unrecognized figure. When the attendant saw her rush into the arms of harmless, teasing Polly she chuckled with triumph and listened for the despairing cry, "I promise, I promise!" for of the five hundred human beings under her father's care, only this one insane creature awakened in Dot neither awe, respect, admiration, pity, nor fear, but simply aversion, rooted and unconquerable. She wrenched herself away from the giggling creature and fled across the yard, pursued by frolicsome Polly even to the top of the skeleton flight of iron steps of the fire-escape. It was now a moment of terror for the attendant; for the child she had driven to desperation stood poised upon the topmost platform of that dizzy height, ready to spring into space rather than submit to the loathed touch of Polly's outstretched hands. Providence dropped a veil of oblivion over the tortured imagination; and the attendant, conscience-stricken and terrified, bore the rigid little form to Dr. Romney and remorsefully confessed all. Crushing his unconscious child to his breast he said in a voice that made the woman quail, "Go, get what is due you, and as much more as is necessary to take you beyond my reach in case my child dies!"

"What a place to rear a child in!" was the burden of Philip's thoughts as he sat and mused and watched the solitary light in the distant station and listened for the train that was to bring back to this hot-bed of rank fancies a tropical imagination already nurtured, forced, and developed to a fragile luxuriance!

## CHAPTER VIII.



E MET her next morning before breakfast, and in the precise spot he might have anticipated when he started out on his unconscious search. Few people are so laggard by nature as to willingly spend indoors the early morning hours of a Southern summer—that delicious part of the day when “the soon-uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers.” Breakfast is a secondary consideration and is eaten, if eaten at all, after a fruit lunch off vine or tree.

She was standing on the narrow pier running out into Devil's Lake, leaning over the whitewashed railing and crumbling bread down into the gaping mouths of a hungry shoal of fish summoned to the surface by the bell in the hands of the mulatto boy at her side.

He stood and gazed. All of his carefully constructed ideals relative to this favorite of an uncanny household were blotted out in the realization. She was a little maiden, twelve, perhaps, of small stature, lithe and exquisitely proportioned. Her hair and eyes were black as the raven's wing and her skin was colorless as ivory and had the dressed-ivory's smoothness. In a word, she was satisfying to the most exaggerated anticipation. Philip was discovered and summoned with an imperative wave of a small hand.

“A—re you the st—stranger who has my r—r—room ?”

*She stammered!* This metaphysically complex creature had the physical complication of a stammering tongue! He laughed aloud—why, he knew not, unless it was for relief. She had been a mental strain to him, and her absurd defect brought her in touch with mortals. Possessed of an imp from the watery depths beneath them, he felt his risibilities, not his pity or sympathy, awakened by her affliction, and he laughed and laughed in heartless abandon. Suddenly he recalled his dream. The wry faces were explained—those deliciously piquant grimaces! . . . . Where were they now? Gone! and quivering lips and great tears were there instead.

“Forgive me, little one !” he begged earnestly. “ You are the first gleam of fun that has brightened my life for months.”

“Oh,” she exclaimed with quick forgiveness, born of an intuitive appreciation of motives and circumstances, “then you are n—not Mr. Ph—Philips, but a new sh—sham crank ?”

Philip, unrestrained, could have roared at this—for he had not been in a lunatic asylum for two weeks without learning the technical meaning of “sham crank”—but he feared to offend a second time a nature apparently as sensitive as it was forgiving.

“Yes, I am Mr. Philips, your father’s secretary, the occupant of Hilda’s forsaken tower, and a real crank, perhaps.”

“I’m g—glad of that.”

“Of all of it?”

“Yes,” she said earnestly. “I—I think perfectly sane people are so stu—stupid, so co—commonplace, don’t you know? I c—couldn’t admire any one who wasn’t j—just a wee bit q—q—q—odd.”

“I never appreciated my advantage before,” said Philip, his laugh tinged with a bitterness not evoked by her prattling.

“Don’t you like to be th—thought pecu—cu—liar?” she asked in anxious surprise.

“By you, assuredly, since it is a condition of your friendship; but—well, not, for instance, by that stupid negro there who is possessed of all sorts of queer notions in regard to my being here. The first time he saw me he almost went into a fit, and since then he has spent his time in contriving means for my escape—he makes keys out of combs, shoe-buttoners, spoons, etc., and gives them to me on the sly. I presume he also has mistaken me for a sham crank and has conceived it as his mission to set me free.”

“O—oh, there is no ha—harm in Jo! He—” Her words ended in a scream as she was picked up and tossed over the whitewashed railing into the water.

“Skeedaddle, boss, de debble’ll hold ‘er!” cried the negro excitedly.

Philip tore off his coat and shoes; and as she came up he shouted at her imperatively, “Throw your head back—you *can’t* sink!” then he plunged after her. He wasted the least possible amount of time in the unavoidable dive and came to the surface within arm’s reach of her, but—well, the next minute or two would have been as inexplicable as thrilling. He did not at once put out a hand and seize her, as would have naturally have been expected, but floated and stared. He had seen instantly that she was in no danger of sinking a second time, and but for the look on her face would have thought her attitude that fancifully assumed by an expert swimmer. She lay almost horizontally in the water, only her white face showing above the surface and it motionless save for the ripples that swayed it like a lily on a hidden stem. The wildest sort of fancies thronged his brain. He recalled the telegram and his own efforts at a

psychological explanation. He thought of the scientific truths learned in his recent study of hypnotism and wondered how far some of them might be receiving confirmation in the fanciful, eccentric mind of this child.

He bore the passive little figure ashore and stood her on her feet ; but what to do next was puzzling him when Dr. Romney's voice came to them cheerily.

" Heigh-ho ! what's all this ? Dot been tumbling into the water, and you pulled her out ? Why didn't you swim, Ducky, and spare Mr. Philips' good clothes ? "

" I couldn't, papa ; my hands and feet would not move ; I must have been scared so badly that I was paralyzed."

" It has untied your tongue, anyway. I never heard you talk so straight before," her father said gayly and hurried them off to the house for dry garments and breakfast.

Dr. Romney, and Dot too, probably, slept none the less soundly that night for the morning's adventure ; but Philip had not yet seen enough of asylum life to accept as a matter of course and a part of their vocation the dangers and excitements to which the sane element of such a population were subjected. Jo had, of course, been remanded to his ward and deprived of any future parole, but no further ado was made over the matter.

However, Philip's thoughts were less occupied with either the mishap to the superintendent's daughter or his own indirect agency in it—both having been accepted as the vagaries of an irresponsible brain—than with one peculiar circumstance in connection with the adventure—Dot's attitude in the water and her subsequent avowal of inability at the time to move hand or foot. " Paralysis from fright " she had described and her father had pronounced her condition, but there was very good authority for attributing such a state to " hypnotization from a sharp shock " ; and taking into consideration that she was an expert swimmer and could not have been terrified, only greatly surprised perhaps, at the plunge, there was a tenable theory to the effect that his imperative shout had thrown her into a cataleptic state. He had been conscious of a violent determination to reach her before she should sink a second time ; and in his anxiety he had hurled his command at her almost in anger lest she should frustrate his purpose. Again he recalled the telegram which as the result of a dream appeared entirely satisfactory to Dr. Romney, but was all the more mysterious to himself. He turned away from the window, where his moods were usually indulged, and sought a particular book haunting his thoughts. He turned to a marked page of the " *Marble Faun* " and read musingly :

" 'Oh, that he were here !' she sighed ; 'I perish under this

terrible secret ; and he might help me to endure it. Oh, that he were here !'

" That very afternoon, as the reader may remember, Kenyon felt Hilda's hand pulling at the silken cord that was connected with his heart strings, as he stood looking toward Rome from the battlements of Monte Beni."

He closed the book and mused, " Can it be, pretty child, that I have the power to thrust myself into your innocent thoughts—not through the mystic bond that united Kenyon and Hilda, but through the cold medium of science ?"

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#### CHAPTER IX.



HE next day, an opportunity presenting itself, he asked Dot why she had decided that he must be either her father's secretary or a " new sham crank."

" Beca—cause I knew you couldn't be an at-t-tendant or a sure-enough patient."

" But how did you know it ?"

" O—oh, I just knew it !" she explained with entire self-satisfaction. She was accustomed to " knowing " things without whys or wherefores ; rhyme or reason.

" Well, then, give me your idea of a 'sham crank.'"

She shook her head and informed him with many a grimace and pucker that she could not talk straight enough for that, unless she sang it.

" You talked 'straight' enough yesterday."

" Ye—yes, I re—member."

" Why ?"

" I—I don't know."

" I do !" said he, suddenly lifting his eyes to a direct gaze ; " you were thinking about your peculiar feelings while you were in the water and you forgot all about stammering."

" Ca—can you read people's th—oughts ?" she asked trustingly. Nothing in the nature of psychological possibilities ever startled this mental prodigy ; she was accustomed to all sorts of omnipotent professions.

Philip noted the look of credulous admiration in the face upturned to his and thought how easy it would be to demonstrate

certain scientific truths with so favorable a subject ; but he yielded to the temptation only so far as to keep her attention fixed upon himself—consequently diverted from her own lingual impediment—and thereby gave her a facility of speech her distorted little tongue had not known in many a day. Encountering no obstacle she fluently imparted to her new friend her individual ideas in regard to "sham cranks" and confided the history of some interesting ones then under her father's charge. For the benefit of the uninitiated, however, it may be advisable to define the term in language other than Dot's quaint parlance lest we should suddenly find ourselves involved in a cabalistic philology.

To every vocation in life belongs a greater or smaller number of words, phrases and expressions peculiar to it and which can not properly be termed either slang or colloquialisms, neither are they "lingo" nor "dialect," but possibly may be classed under the head of parlance. In the parlance, then, of insane asylums there is a class of patients, duly committed by order of court, known as "sham cranks." The representatives of this class are few in number and are not, as the world erroneously imagines, taken from the ranks of brutish criminals saved from the gallows through the plea of insanity, but gleaned from the circles of uppertendom, whose curled darlings sometimes scatter wild oats beyond the bounds of the law. Under Dr. Romney's charge were three aptly illustrative cases. One, a fair-haired youth with tender blue eyes and a chin so irresolute as to quiver at times like a lovable baby's, had tampered with Uncle Sam's mail pouches ; and the influential backing that had obtained for him the responsible position was effectually exerted in getting a disgraceful term in the penitentiary commuted to a temporary retirement to a hospital for the treatment of mental and nervous diseases. Another one was a gay young fellow with wicked black eyes and a tenor voice. His income had been inadequate to his luxurious tastes ; and when he pawned the necklace of a visitor to pay for a dinner given Pirouette, of the Trans-Atlantic Opera Company, his mother found it easier to obtain a verdict of insanity than to replace the necklace. It is true she winced beneath the array of evidence that proved her darling boy to have been a kleptomaniac from childhood, but—*que voulez-vous*? Between the terms kleptomania and petty larceny, the world—her world—would recognize a vast difference. Number three had been too fond of the fatal pair of "w's" and had started home late one night in a frame of mind too hilarious to accord with an officer's notion of keeping the peace, and he awoke the following morning in the stationhouse. Arrests grew

to be common with him afterwhile, and morphine was resorted to as an exorciser of unpleasant visions in his temporary quarters. The result was a *bona fide* case of alcoholic and opiated insanity; and upon his recovery a few weeks later he was jocularly admitted into the exclusive coterie of "sham cranks."

That they should make a joke of their position strikes a pitying and sympathetic public as monstrous; but there are gloomier places in the world than the lunatic asylums of this enlightened, progressive, Christian age, and, also, in the present day there is little of the odium attached to insanity that clung to it through so many centuries as the result of Biblical belief in "possession of the devil." There are certain unpleasant features in such a life, of course, such as loathsome sights, unnerving sounds, an occasional desperate conflict in which the attendant would fare badly did not the "shams" or equally friendly, if less



responsible, patients lend a helping hand; and, what is considered literally the *piece de resistance*, eating at the table with crazy men whose manners are not all that could be desired—some of whom now and then, without the slightest provocation and despite the close watch kept upon them, hurl bits of bread, meat, potato, a cup of coffee, possibly, or mayhaps a knife at any head within their aimless range. But these are more than compensated for by the wholesome food, good quarters, recreation parks, ball grounds, fishing pools, and the various entertainments afforded by the home band and dramatic corps. Impostors do not merit such treatment at the hands of the commonwealth? Certainly not; but these provisions are made for those who do merit them, for those whose pitiable condition evokes from us the desire to do all in our power to compensate for nature's greatest deprivation; and if an unworthy few profit by the good to many it is no more than may be seen in every other vocation of life.

Dot was naturally unacquainted with the *raison d'être* of many of the circumstances in connection with the admission and retention of such patients, and although she probably was aware that sham meant impostor, her profound respect for mental idiosyncrasies—a freak of hereditary bias—enabled her to credit them with enough mental crookedness to entitle them to a certain degree of her admiration and friendship.

"Though I don't like them so well as I do real lunatics, of course," she admitted to Philip. "But they are ever so much more interesting than most people outside of asylums, for if they were not just a little bit queer, you know, they wouldn't be here."

"What do you say to that, Doctor?" Philip appealed to Dr. Romney as he entered the office in time to catch the last part of his daughter's moralizing.

"Talking about 'shams?' I'm pretty much of Dot's opinion, only more so—must be a screw loose somewhere or they wouldn't be contented amid such surroundings. To a sound-thinking mind better a penitentiary and responsibility than exemption from punishment through unaccountability."

Long after Dot had departed with the permission she had come to her father's office to seek, Philip brooded over Dr. Romney's words. . . . Did his self-immurement in a lunatic asylum put him in this category of "sham cranks"—according to Dr. Romney's charitable, if somewhat pessimistic, view of the class—and was his continued presence in this hospital for diseased minds an imposition upon the State, upon Dr. Romney, and upon the few others who knew the object of his sojourn there? You see, he had early regained confidence in his own mental soundness—a result not infrequently brought about in the cases of morbidly imaginative persons by association with genuine insanity. He shuddered in disgust at the idea of being regarded as a "sham crank," and determined to take some active step toward penetrating the mystery of Gabriel Noir's death even though it should land him in the penitentiary or on the scaffold. What he would not submit to quietly was to rest under the doubt, the shadow of the doubt, at least, cast upon him by ignorance and circumstantial evidence. . . . The question was what to do. Confession had been tried, with pity, instead of punishment, as the result. Self-immurement in a lunatic asylum had encountered no less leniency, and for any practical effort at ferreting out the mystery he lacked financial means. . . . Balk! balk! balk!

He fell back into the only path open to him and became more earnest than ever in his study of hypnotism in all its

medico-legal and psycho-physiological bearings. He would dig to the very root of his crime and lay it bare to those who ignorantly doubted it. Then to be feared, abhorred and shunned by his fellow men would be his punishment.

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#### CHAPTER X.



OT came to him one day in a state of quivering, sparkling excitement. "Oh, Mr. Ph-Ph-Philips, won't you please come with me just a minute and help me talk straight so I can tell Maggie something very long and very interesting?"

Her appeal justified itself by the smooth, easy utterance into which she glided the instant she came under the influence of his steady gaze. That influence, whatever its nature, had been exerted many times since first invoked to keep her tongue untwisted long enough to give the information he had sought in regard to sham cranks; and Dr. Romney, noting Dot's instinctive, mute appeal to Philip whenever in his presence, began to hope that his secretary possessed the remarkable gift of curing stammering. Philip, however, went a step further in his analysis and attributed it to hypnotic power, or at least to the influence of suggestion. Knowing Dot's lingual impediment to be purely a nervous affection he felt confident he could cure her at once and permanently if he wished, but—and here he was assailed by a seriously comical temptation—the quaint, irresistibly cunning, and positively kissable contortions of the pretty face when she wrestled with that glib but unruly member were a source of amusement in his gloomy life he was loth to renounce. He finally compromised between duty and selfishness by resolving to exert his power to the uttermost in her behalf, with the proviso that the cure should be intermittent and subject to his will—a mysterious sounding resolution had it been announced! However, a momentary consideration of a few well-known facts will divest his power of much of its miraculous seeming.

Stammerers, we all know, hesitate most when they expect to do so; they talk less fluently among strangers than at home because they are more self-conscious; they sing, or read aloud

if interested, without a break in the voice—the reason again diversion from thoughts of self. In fact, stammering and blushing are the two most helplessly egotistical afflictions that lay hold upon timid mortals. Philip possessed a magnetic temperament and a masterful will ; Dot, a mind peculiarly susceptible to suggestion, owing to her having been reared in an atmosphere of fanciful and unaccounted-for notions and beliefs. Moreover she had at once accepted Philip as no ordinary person from the outside world, and when, therefore, he had explained to her with satisfactory and impressive mysteriousness why she had been able to talk unhesitatingly after her plunge into the lake, she had naturally confounded his power of interpreter with that of agent and was again drawn from self-consciousness into an awed contemplation of him, which put her in an easy mood for his assurance that she could talk smoothly—because he *wished* it—and would not have to sing the information he sought of her. Recollection of this, to her, mysterious power had been adequate diversion upon subsequent occasions, and doubtless would so continue as long as her confidence remained unimpaired.

That is the suggestive-therapeutic view of it ; but Philip was evolving the same result from a more occult source. He had never deliberately exerted his hypnotic power upon her, but accident had placed her once completely under his influence, and that too in an unmistakable hypnosis (he rejected the theory of "paralysis from fright") which in itself had a tendency to render her still more subjective to his will. He had voluntarily brought his will to bear upon her in that first prohibition of her stammering, and scientists designate such results as "suggestion without hypnosis," while subsequent repetitions of that result would probably be characterized as the effects of "continuous suggestion." Still he had grounds for believing that he rehypnotized her each time he unloosed her tongue ; for the methods of effecting that state, and the symptoms and stages thereof, are too complex for routine and prototyp-



type; and realizing that, at the simplest, such a mood was only one degree removed from a light hypnosis, he determined to satisfy himself by seizing the opportunity afforded him by Dr. Romney's presence, in this latest appeal of Dot's, to try something more definite than he had yet attempted.

In answer to her petition he said gravely, "I haven't time to go with you this morning, Dot, but—look at me!" . . . Her eyes dilated spasmodically, then remained fixed upon his . . . she leaned heavily against his desk . . . her respiration, slightly irregular at first, became normal after one deep indrawn breath. . . . "I forbid you to stammer for one whole week," he said slowly, then drew his pencil lightly across her lips.

She moved away from him and approached her father who was regarding her intently. "I think I came to ask you something, papa," she said with a frown of perplexity, "but I have forgotten what it was."

"No," replied her father, tentatively, "you came to ask a favor of Mr. Philips."

"Oh yes, now I know!" and she bounded away joyously.

Dr. Romney turned to Philip with a smile of doubt. "Do you think her imagination will prove equal to the strain you have put upon it?"

"We can only wait and see."

*Fani Pusey Gooch.*



(To be Continued.)



## A WORD ABOUT JERE BLACK AND PROCTOR KNOTT.

WE present for the frontispiece of this issue a somewhat unique production—perhaps we might better call it a reproduction. It has a history, written partly on its face. Jeremiah S. Black is a historical figure in this country. As a constitutional lawyer he easily stood “first among his equals.” As a friend of the South he never wavered, because he felt—as many of his compeers did—that there was some consistency in law, and some rights which the minority could not be deprived of under any forms of law. He believed in the constitution of our revolutionary forefathers, and had studied carefully every clause of it. Not only carefully had he studied it, but lovingly; for he thought that the whole bill of human rights was embodied in that instrument.

In the days when such men as Jere Black were scarce and much needed, there came one J. Proctor Knott, who was known—or became known—to the world as a humorist, by virtue of his Duluth speech, which will go down to history. But, fortunately, Mr. Knott was something more than a humorist. He was, and is, a profound lawyer, an accomplished scholar, and somewhat of an artist.

People mostly know him by his jokes, which are merely the beads and froth upon the body of his intellect. It often happens that one joke has transformed the ring-master into the clown; and the Duluth speech has established Proctor Knott's reputation as a mere juggler of words.

Those who know him best, know a sad and serious man; one who gives his quirks and quibbles to the world, and keeps for his own solace the meditations of a cultured mind upon the most abstruse philosophy and the intricacies of the law. To this man it came one day to be inaugurated governor of Ken-

tucky. He had been in Congress for some years before. There the brethren in his business found him so ready on all questions that they made him chairman of the Judiciary Committee. At that time his chief duty was to prevent undue oppression of the South, and he made that not only a duty, but a pleasure. In this work he had often occasion to consult with Jere Black, who, like himself, had always thought that laws should be in full accordance with the constitution. In that community of intercourse and interchange of thought the two men grew to know and love each other well. So when at last he became governor of his State he did not fail to think of Jere Black. He took to himself as Secretary of State one James A. McKenzie, known in Congress as "Quinine Jim," because he had carried through a bill making cinchona bark free, and reducing the price of quinine so that everybody could have a chill and shake as much as might be necessary at a very trifling cost. This "Quinine Jim" is still known.

One day, consulting upon affairs of moment, the governor, J. Proctor Knott, in an idle and absent-minded mood, drew a picture with his pencil on a piece of blotting paper. It is said to be the best picture of Jere Black in existence. To it he appended his signature and the date. "Quinine Jim" gave the original to Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, and it came into possession of our editor—how it matters not. This picture, although we consider it by far the best one of Jere Black ever made, did not satisfy the distinguished artist who designed and drew it. So he, upon second thought, modeled the medallion from which our frontispiece is engraved. He has further honored us with a sketch of his friend, kindly, gentle and wise, which our readers will take double pleasure in ruminating on, both because of the subject of the sketch and the master mind which gave it birth. We expect in a short time—maybe next month—another article from the same pen dealing more with the private life and character of Mr. Black, and illustrated with the picture of which we have first spoken. After that will come from a man of worldwide fame a sketch of Governor J. Proctor Knott, with portrait. That, too, we can assure our readers will be gentle and kindly and wise—the offspring of a loving heart and a fecund brain.

Without undue trumpeting of our own merits we refer to these things as exhibiting our desire to furnish the people who read FETTER'S MAGAZINE with first-class mental pabulum. We began with many drawbacks, and have continued in the face of difficulties to publish a first-class magazine in the South. We are beginning now to reap some reward from it. And we can safely say that it is an assured fact, and will grow better as it grows older.

## THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

**A**S we go to press the ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago are in progress. To us of the South the celebration is not unaccompanied with pain and mortification. Yet it all the more behooves us to show our national spirit by forgetting whatever we may conceive to be our grievance and doing what we can to share in the success of this great enterprise. That it will be a success is assured. The faith, the honor of this mighty nation stands pledged to that. And the city of Chicago has undertaken to manage the affair, and it has never made a failure in any enterprise.

But those of us who are not connected with its management can not always understand fully the workings of its inner consciousness. We can marvel at some small things about it, while we stand amazed at its vim and vigor and victory upon its chosen battle-field. It is not at all short-sighted, and one may safely predicate that Chicago will win, in so far as the coining of dollars and cents shall be concerned, and otherwise.

A Columbian Exposition held anywhere in these United States should be as far as possible free from petty jealousies. Politics and sectional preferences should be as far as possible eliminated from its management. It is true that this is a presidential year, but Mr. Harrison stands by the bedside of his stricken wife with the sympathy of every decent man among us going out to him in kindness and gentleness, and the hope from every one that God will spare his helpmate to him. And Mr. Cleveland with his little babe, and that bride whom we all learned to love when she came, a school girl, to the White House, so sweet, so gentle and so gracious, can not excite the animosity of any man. So there is no dirt and no mud and no slander and no scandal in our presidential politics. Thank God, we can discuss the two great ideas which divide the country without asperity, and can vote as conscience tells us without making blackguards of ourselves.

But this Columbian Exposition seems to be sectional in some sort, and to some extent, for "revenue only." Its management selected Col. Wm. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, to deliver the opening address. It has recently transpired that this selection of a Southern man must have been made to secure the Southern vote in Congress when the appropriation bill came up. So soon as the money was secured a most brutal attack was made upon Congressman Breckinridge, evidently intended to reverse the selection of him as speaker for the occasion. Nominally, the

reason was that he had voted against the appropriation. That phase of the matter we have discussed in a previous issue of this magazine. Really—so it seems—the selection of a Southern man and a Confederate soldier had produced its effect and therefore Col. Breckinridge was no longer of use to the management. His vote was of little import, but the selection of him was a matter of millions.

It appears that Mr. Chauncey Depew, of New York, desired this honor, and a Chicago newspaper states editorially that the appropriation from that State would not be made by the Legislature until Mr. Depew was assigned a place on the programme. So he was selected to divide the honors with Col. Breckinridge.

Yet the sectional spirit would not down, having been called from the vasty deep by this controversy. Still was the Kentucky colonel compelled "to fardels bear" and to front "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by meeting the abuse of the Chicago press. At last, to relieve the strain upon himself as well as the management, he declined to speak at all.

It was, of course, evident that a mistake had been made. The South should have representation in some way. Senator Daniels, of Virginia, was invited to take the place of Col. Breckinridge. Acting upon what he considered just and proper motives, he declined. The place was then tendered to Mr. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky. Believing that it was best for his people to be represented, and desiring, as we think, to emphasize the national character of the undertaking, he accepted. As these lines are written he is no doubt speaking.

It is not just to expect him, upon such short notice, to be prepared for so great an occasion. But knowing his intellect, his wealth of information, his readiness of thought and his command of language, we feel assured that Mr. Watterson will not discredit his great reputation, nor fail to justify the high hopes of his friends. Mr. Depew, with his most careful preparation, will hardly excel the extemporaneous oratory of the great Kentuckian.

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#### GENERAL WEAVER IN THE SOUTH.

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**G**ENERAL WEAVER has had trouble in the South. In going through those sections where the feeling as between the People's party and the older parties was most intense, he has found an opposition which was as much physical as mental. Exactly what the basis of that dislike was, one can hardly under-

stand unless he has talked with the people who manifested it. There are many strange memories amongst those people which the new generation of to-day have never dreamed of. In Macon, Georgia, I believe, the General and his companions were mistreated while making speeches from the balcony of a hotel. I do not know why there should be any enmity toward him there, or why the stale eggs of the town should have been saved up to regale him with. There is nothing in the platform of his party that should excite the ire of any one. People may differ about its principles with no more feeling than would be necessary in computing the cubic contents of a corn bin. Those addled eggs must have been cast against some more solid substance than his party platform. People do not fight about free silver, and public warehouses for Kansas wheat and corn. The world is full of cobblers and not one can tell where the shoe pinches save him who wears it.

In reconstruction times, just after the war, it was the lot of this writer to call at the post-office in this very town for a letter. The postmaster was a negro who could not read, and the applicant had to look over the letters to find his own. Then he was required to take an oath that he had never given aid or countenance to the rebellion or sympathized with any one who had done so before he could get his mail. As no one in that country could truthfully take such an oath, he had to pay whatever money he had about his person to avoid it, and a letter cost from twenty-five to fifty cents, besides the regular postage, and in many other ways there were petty exactions from petty officials, winked at by the higher officers, who, no doubt, shared in the spoils. Whether Gen. Weaver was one of these officials I can not say. If he was, he should not complain. The tyrant must expect such treatment as the mob decides upon, when once he is dethroned. The contempt which decent people feel for such monsters as ruled the South in the era that I speak of, is very mildly incarnated in a rotten egg. "*Experto crede!*"

But the complaint of violence need not come from the victim. It may be, according to everyday ideas of right, his just due, but the law, and the public sentiment should complain because to them is consigned the protection of the weak, and the enforcement of justice. Free speech under proper limitation belongs to all of us in this free land. Gen. Weaver had the same right to explain his views in Macon, that he would have had in Boston or Topeka, and if he and this Mrs. Lease who is with him, conducted themselves properly before the public, both of them should have been accorded a respectful hearing, or the public should have staid away from their meetings. No one

was compelled to go about them, or listen to them ; but if one chose to go his own self-respect should have made him orderly.

And this one phase of selfishness the South has never quite understood. Every Southern man owes it to himself and to his people, to the memories which are behind him, and the hopes in front of him, to be a gentleman, and not a coward. Mrs. Lease, I presume, is a woman, and as such should be treated with every courtesy belonging to her sex—the more so because she was a stranger in a strange land, and, as it was, a guest of the people before whom she sought to speak. And Gen. Weaver, as a man and an American citizen, has a right to speak his sentiments anywhere in this Union. If I and my friends band together to prevent this visitor to our land from exercising any of his rights, then I and my friends do not half so much injustice to him as to ourselves. We violate the laws of hospitality and put a stain upon our own brows. To be a gentleman is to be supremely selfish. This seems a paradox, but it is not. Mr. Clay went to Aaron Burr when he was threatened with a mob in Kentucky and said, “I will protect you, sir, at the expense of my life.” He despised Burr, and felt toward him that loathing which a man would feel toward a reptile. But he loved his State, and his neighbors, and himself, and he was willing to die rather than see dishonor come upon his own community and the people whom he loved.

You owe nothing to the beggar in the street, to the small boy who annoys you, to the guest who insults you in your own house. You owe to yourself and to your children that you should be kind and gentle and forbearing. When a cripple spit in the face of George Washington and cursed him, he wiped his face with his handkerchief, saying, “I can wipe this off easier than I could wipe your blood from off my conscience.”

Shall we not pay the debt we owe ourselves in the same way by being men—by being gentlemen ?

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#### PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

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**A**LFRED TENNYSON has withered from this world, to bloom again within the garden which God smiles upon beyond the grave. And Ernest Renan has joined him in that other life. What mighty names these are to conjure with ! In this fecund century which has known Goethe and Schiller and the divine Jean Paul, Scott and Thackeray and Dickens, Hume

and Hamilton and Kant and Cousin, Carlyle and Emerson, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Byron and Keats and Longfellow and Whittier ; which has given us poets and philosophers and statesmen and warriors, these two men have lived, not unworthily and died not ignobly. Their names have floated on the crest of every sun-kissed billow, and with their death the sea of thought subsides to quietude.

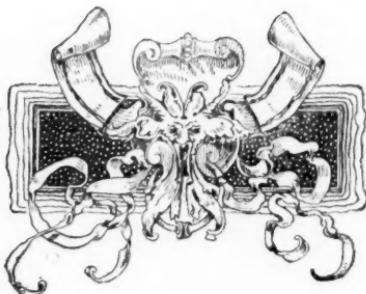
In the presence of their passing we stand stunned and mute. While the mold on their graves is still fresh and unsodded we are dumb ; let us wait and see what flowers shall blossom there. We shall not attempt now an elegy on either man. With careful thought, with gentle hand, with sorrowful and loving heart we hope to touch their memories in some slight way next month. With the snow and the holly and the mistletoe of December, we can more thoroughly and deeply and more reverently lay our tribute on their graves. Strong and sturdy and vigorous, they made life hopeful when it seemed that thought was dead. In the December of their age they furnished Christmas garlands. They have closed an era—as the New Year approaches let us weep above these mighty ones.

Tennyson was the poet of his time ; Renan was its philosopher. The poet was a philosopher in verse, the philosopher was a poet in prose. Through the stained glass of a cathedral window the light of heaven glowed in many-colored beauty upon the poet's soul ; and the clear sunbeams rested in unfading gold upon the spirit of the French philosopher. To both of them came sweetness and light ; from both of them a splendor fell upon the world.

Theologians may decide the future state of these two men—to do so is beyond our province. "From your rest in the bosom of God," says Renan in an apostrophe to his buried sister—and he was an infidel. Through all of "In Memoriam" the spirit of doubt breathes its ghostly unrest at the will of the Christian poet. Renan had a calm faith in an unknown God ; Tennyson had an unquiet belief in a revelation which he did not fully understand. Paul would have said to the one, "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, I declare unto you." Christ would have said to the other, "Fear not, I will be with you even unto the end." Tennyson died with a smile on his lips and a volume of Shakespeare clasped to his bosom. Renan died with his glazed eyes looking toward that beloved sister at rest "in the bosom of God." When we think of such lives, and of such deaths, our little squabbles over doctrines seem most infinitesimally small. In the great heart of the Almighty there is room for these two worthy souls ; but in all the economy of an Infinite

Love there is no space for discords or for bickerings. Peace alone finds lodgment there.

As fruits of the century that gave them birth, as seeds for the new century to follow them, we speak not of them here. Let that come later when such fitting justice as our poor ability permits may be attempted. They were men of the hour, types of the grandest century since Christ was crucified. The Academy of France gave burial to the one ; Westminister Abbey received the body of the other. But the spirit of each of them will be to men in coming centuries as an impulse and a benediction.

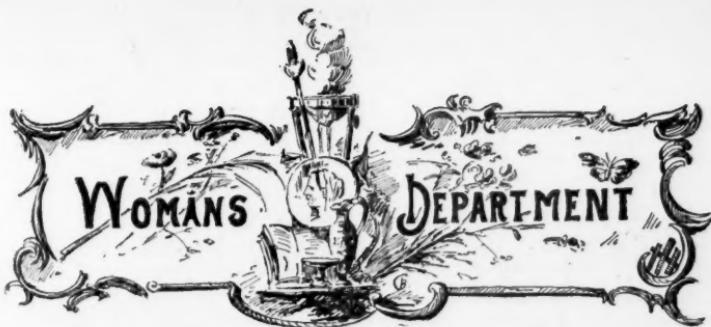






Engraved from a recent photograph.

MISS JENNIE CASSIDAY.



CONDUCTED BY ANGELE CRIPPEN.

Jennie Casseday was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in the family residence on the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets, where the Masonic Temple building now stands. At that time this part of the city was considered the most fashionable residence quarter. Her father, Samuel Casseday, was the eldest son of Peter Casseday, who was killed in the Revolutionary War.

Miss Jennie has inherited her philanthropic nature from both father and mother. At one time Mr. Casseday was one of the wealthiest men in the city, and he was constantly giving away large sums of money to charitable enterprises, while the name of his wife became a synonym for benevolence. She donated the land on which the Presbyterian orphanage now stands, as well as a large sum of money with which to begin the building.

For over thirty years Miss Casseday has been an invalid, suffering much of the time the most acute pain. During these years, in spite of disease and weakness, her life has been a help and an inspiration to hundreds of women all over the world. And never till "the judgment day reveals all secrets," will it be known how her tender, written messages have carried comfort to unhappy souls in prisons, wretched with sin, and sick with hopelessness.

Miss Casseday has been national superintendent of the Flower Mission of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for many years. The 9th of June, her birthday, is known throughout the United States as "prisoner's day," because it is then that special services are held in all the jails and penitentiaries, and literature is distributed among the prisoners, as well as bouquets of flowers with Biblical texts attached to them.

The "Jennie Casseday Infirmary," is a Louisville hospital for women who are afflicted with nervous diseases. The invalid made the plans for this institution, and the "King's Daughters" were chiefly instrumental in carrying them into execution.

"Rest Cottage" is another of her ideas materialized. It is a lovely country-house near the city of Louisville, beautifully furnished, and intended for a place where women who earn their own living can come for a vacation during the summer.

The most blessed ministry to which she has been called is that of the pen. Not only writing poems and articles for the press, but the sending of letters to the sad-hearted. And God knows there are so many women who carry heavy hearts. Her daily mail is loaded down with letters from persons who are entire strangers to her, but who have written for advice or consolation. And she sends loving, cheerful messages back to them, that often fall like gleams of sunshine into their darkened souls.

The life-story of this woman, ought to be read by all women, many of whom, alas ! are "but idle poppies amid the corn."

There can be no more fitting way to close this sketch than by quoting some stanzas from one of her own poems :

"Teach me to praise thee, Father dear,  
For all thy many mercies here.  
As I recall these sent to-day,  
Help me for gratitude to pray.

Often my eyes could scarcely see  
This text spelt out so plain for me;  
Infinite Wisdom knows the best,  
Infinite Love will do the rest.

Infinite Goodness fills the cup,  
Infinite Power holds me up,  
Infinite Love helps me to see  
That all things work for good to me."

A New York physician has declared that long skirts on the streets are modes of carrying infection. That the germs of disease are sown broadcast in the dirt and refuse of the crossings and the pavements, and that trailing skirts catch and transmit the impalpable seeds of disease. So, every woman with a train to her walking costume is a vehicle for carrying contagion. It is not a pleasant thing for a woman to believe, that she is transporting microbes from place to place, yet science declares this to be true. Long skirts on walking dresses then not only violate every canon of good taste, outrage the idea of the fitness of things, but are dangerous to the wearers, and to those with whom they come in contact. If the dresses are held up by the unfortunate victims of a senseless fashion existence becomes a burden. A woman who undertakes to carry her dress, an umbrella, purse, and a number of small parcels at the

same moment, is a pitiable and a ludicrous object. And yet what a common sight it is, to behold her engaged in making herself a spectacle.

It has been learned from good authority that some of the most notorious members of the demi-mode in Paris were the originators of this fashion. Let us be glad it is no longer the mode.

The majority of people believe the world to be growing better. Optimism is popular. As a matter of course the croaker still lives and flourishes. He who believes things are not half as good as they used to be, and laments the decadence of things. But no one listens long to his jeremiad. Still there are moments in all lives when one wonders, if after all, progress is as solid as it professes to be. There is so much said about the onward march of humanity, that one unconsciously expects to hear only triumphant music, and to see but the glittering pageantry of a successful army.

What of the "submerged tenth?" There are still poverty-stricken homes, desolate lives and broken hearts. There is misery on every hand. It does not skulk out of sight and hide in unfrequented places, but walks in the full light of day.

Carlyle said the world needed comforting. This ought to be preeminently the work of women. God gave the mother heart to her, not only for her own children, but for the needs of the world. It is easy—pathetically, deplorably easy—to find the sick, sad, and suffering. "Those who sit in darkness and want comfort."

One woman thought of this the other day, and went out to find some one whom she might console. She walked down a street, not many squares distant from her own home, that was given up to tenement houses. Up and down this street dirty, ragged children played and fought during the day. At night the men and women took the children's places, and the fight went on with the play left out. Black and white alike lived here on the same level. The ragged, dirty negro was no worse than the white man that elbowed him on the pavement. The thin-faced, hollow-eyed white woman, with dress-skirt frayed and torn around the bottom, met her counterpart in black. So did the brazen-lunged virago, who put her head out of the window and cursed the passers by, for entertainment.

Her attention was attracted by a little boy sitting on the steps of one of the houses. It was raining, and he was thinly dressed. She spoke to him, and asked him why he did not go

home. The child turned his face toward her while he answered, and she saw it was a pitiful little face, thin and pinched.

"I dassant go in. Jim's drunk ag'in."

"Who is Jim?"

"He's my big brother; an' he's bad when he's drunk."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's upstairs, an' so's the old man. They can't do nuthin' wid Jim. The old man's sick. Doubled up wid rheumatiz."

"Are you afraid of your brother hurting you when he is drunk?"

The child laughed a little, dry, mirthless laugh, but made no further reply, only drew himself closer together in a miserable heap.

Rachel stood still looking at the child, not knowing what to say to him, when he suddenly sprung from the doorway with a cry of fright and ran down the street. A moment later a young man came reeling out of the door, stumbling down the steps, and made his uncertain way to a neighboring saloon. When he was once inside, the child came back to the doorway.

"That was my brother," said he.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Rachel. "And now, that he is gone, you would not be afraid to take me up to your mother, would you?"

"Naw, I wouldn't. But I can tell you, 'fore you go, she won't want to see you."

"I don't mind that, I want to see her any way."

The child led the way up one flight of stairs, went down a little dark hall, and stopped before a door at the end of it. Said he, "Now, if the old woman treats you rough 'taint my fault," and then he pushed open the door.

The room was poverty-stricken in the extreme, with no carpet on the floor, no curtains at the windows, and a packing-box for a table, with an end of a loaf of bread and piece of dried sausage lying upon it.

As soon as the child saw the food he ran to it, seized it and began eating ravenously.

By the window, in a broken-backed chair, sat a gaunt, haggard-looking woman in an attitude of the extremest dejection, her head resting on her hands, her elbows on her knees. She raised herself in her chair and looked up at Rachel, who had been left standing in the door.

"Who are you and what do you want?" she asked abruptly. With his mouth full of bread, the boy inarticulately mum-

bled out, "She wants ter see yer, mother; I tol' her she hadn't better come."

His mother rose from her seat at this and proffered the broken-backed chair.

"This is the only seat I've got, so I can't offer you any better."

Rachel thanked her quietly and sat down. She now saw for the first time a bed in the corner, so hung around with old clothes that it could not be seen from the door. At the further side of the room was a heap on the floor that served as another bed.

The boy's mother put aside an accumulation of *debris* on the foot of the bed, and sat down there. Some one groaned as she did so, and turned uneasily. Then pushing a ragged cover from his head, the wan, pale, unshaven face of a sick man was seen.

"Who's there?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"I don't know who 'tis," said his wife, in a fretful, high-pitched tone. "I don't know why folks think they can walk into poor people's rooms without anybody wantin' to see 'em." Then turning to the other woman she continued, "If you have got any tracts to leave here I can just tell you you needn't, 'cause nobody'll read 'em."

"I have no tracts," said Rachel, quietly, "I saw your little boy in the door and I thought I would like to talk with you a few minutes."

"Talk to me? I'd like to know what about. Talk to *me*! Yes, I'm in a fine humor to be talked to."

Then she put her face down in her hands again and sat almost motionless. The little boy crept up beside her and laid his head against her arm, while the sick man groaned as he turned his face to the wall. Rachel put her hand over in the woman's lap, who raised her face and looked at her. "I reckon you'd like to tell me I ought to keep Johnny here dressed up and nice all the time, an' send him to school. He ain't over-nice lookin', is he?" she said, turning the poor child's face about and showing the hollow cheeks that told of lack of food. Then she passed her hands down over the ragged clothes, putting her fingers through the rents in them.

"Do you think I had better mend these? Well, I can't. You can't make a suit of clothes out of holes. Do you think I like to see him this way? Do you think I'm pleased when I know he's runnin' the streets, learning all kinds of evil? Do you think I sleep well at nights when I get to thinking over things and know he'll be like Jim after while?" Seizing the child in her arms she broke into a storm of tears. "Oh, my God!—Or is

there any God that can let such things be ! My boy ! My first baby ! My little Jim ! I recollect as though 'twas yesterday when he was a baby ! And such a pretty baby, with blue eyes and cunning ways ! " Her voice broke up amid her sobs. The little boy clung round her neck and wept, the tears making channels through the dirt on his face.

" I ain't never goin' to get drunk like Jim. Mother, 'deed an' 'deed I ain't," he sobbed. His mother detached his arms from her neck and sat up, drying her eyes, and with the old look of stern despair coming over her features. " You can't help it, poor child, you have no chance to grow up decent." Turning to Rachel, and speaking in a tone that was in marked contrast to the one of a moment ago, she said, quietly :

" It ain't no use tryin', so I've given it all up. I 'spose I oughtn't to have spoke so to you when you come in. But I kind of hate anybody, now-days, that is dressed decently an' looks like they've had enough to eat. I used to hold up my head and respect myself and wear whole clothes, too. My husband was a machinist who earned good wages, and we lived comfortable and nice. We came to the city where he could get better wages, and every thing went on well for a while. That was when Johnny, here, was a baby. I had a little girl too, but she died—thank God for that, though I thought t'would break my heart when it happened. But my husband caught a cold after while, that settled all over him. Doctors didn't do him any good. He just grew worse an' worse, till he got bedfast and helpless like he is now." (The haggard face on the pillow turned away from the wall, at this, and looked at the listener. The fixed despair, the utter misery, the hopeless helplessness of that face, could not be told in words.) " We got on though, 'cause I was strong and well, and Jim was a big boy and could earn almost as much as a man. How the boy did work ! Always willin' and bright, it was a comfort to see him come into the house. But things grew different after while. I can hardly talk about the time when Jim got to drinking. I felt like killing myself 'twas so awful. And father here, he'd just cry out loud like a baby." (The miserable figure on the bed pulled the cover over its head so its face could not be seen.) " Jim, he'd cry too," the mother continued, " and he'd promise over and again, that he'd never do it again. But how could he help it, poor boy. By and by he quit promisin' he'd stop, and he got surly and cross and wouldn't allow nobody to say anything to him." She stopped, reflectively, for few seconds and when she spoke again it was almost hesitatingly.

" The worst is to tell, marm, and I don't know how to say it.

But it wasn't my boy Jim that done these things, 'twas the devil, drink. He'd come in and abuse his father for layin' in bed and not getting up and working. I'd have to stand between 'em. And once,—one night,—well, he was worse than usual, Jim was, he was just crazy, you see, and he was goin' to pull his father out o' bed, and I interfered—and some way, my wrist got broke. Jim never meant to do it, he felt awfully when he come to and found what he'd done. It is my right one, an' it never got strong. I have to work with my left hand, I can't do much and folks don't want me; I'm broke down with worry, too. Jim gives me a little money, but he don't earn much more than enough to buy whisky to get drunk on. That's all, it's the whole story. A man comes in here sometimes and talks to me about religion. Wants me to learn Johnny a catechism, calls me 'my good woman,' and lectures me till I get angry. I s'pose he means well, but I want him to keep away. I want comfortin' but there isn't any comfort. I want peace but there isn't any peace."

This is the end of the story but the fact remains, that there is a multitude of poor souls like these who are needing comfort. What are you doing to help them?





THE most successful general sometimes loses his head.

"THE lightning never strikes twice in the same place." After it strikes once the place is gone.

Columbus may not have been able to write, but he certainly made his mark when he *crossed* the ocean.

#### FEED RACK SCRATCHES.

If you see de mule am flinchin' fum de pinchin' of de gear,  
W'en you flings de harness on 'im an' goes fumblin' 'roun' his rear,  
Don't think dat he am bluffin', if you see 'im shy an' prank,  
'Kase it's all night wid you, Isom, if you tech 'im bout de flank.  
I knows, 'kase I has driv 'im fum de parstur to de lot,  
I's bin on 'im in a gallup an' has rid 'im in a trot.  
I's lashed 'im wid de rawhide, an' cussed, an' swe't an' beat,  
But go bank dat I has nebber yet bin cotched nappin' 'roun' his feet.

CLYDE BOSTICK.

#### A GIFTED MAN.

BENSON—I have never seen a man lie as fast as Bascom.  
He lies as fast as a horse can trot.

BATES—Maybe he's got a kite-shaped mouth.

#### THE RESULT OF TRAINING.

MR. ELIGIBLE.—Miss Ethel Norris has such a bright, winsome face.

MISS MARRIAGEABLE.—Yes, she has been trying to win some man for a husband for so long that it has grown that way.

## A MAN OF ACUTE FEELING.

WANDERING WILLIE—That old man Crutcher has had twelve drinks since dinner and he don't feel it.

ROVING RICHARD—He must have mighty dull sensibilities. I haven't even had one and I feel it terribly.

FOND FATHER—I wish you would be very careful of my son John's training ; I want him to make a noise in the world.

TEACHER—There is only one way I know of that you can have him do that.

FOND FATHER—Well, what is it ?

TEACHER—Buy him a cannon.

## CAN'T WALK A CHALK LINE.

JEFFREYS—What makes you say that a drunkard is necessarily dishonest ?

JOBSON—Because he has such crooked ways.

## WAS SELDOM AT HOME.

MILES—Why does Hansford always speak of his father as his step-father ?

MUNSON—Old man Hansford is a tramp, I guess that is it.

## CONTRIBUTED BY A MAN TO WHOM I OWE MONEY—HAD TO BE PUBLISHED.

What is the difference between a housemaid and the man who whips a person of low origin ?

One scrubs the floor, the other floors the scrub.

## " FIRST COME FIRST SERVED."

MISS BLACK—Look a heah, Mister Elderberry Johnsing, how you cum to git dat name " Elderberry ?" Dat's sich a cuious name.

MR. JOHNSING—Law, Miss Lilly, ain't you never heahed about dat ? My brudder and me's twins. Dey done called him Berry and dey called me Elderberry 'caze I was borned fust. Yah ! yah !

## GOOD WHEN HE'S FULL.

SUSIE—Don't you wish papa'd get drunk again ?

BOBBIE—Why, Susie ?

SUSIE—Don't you remember, last time he gave you a dollar and gave me fifty cents ?

BOBBIE—Yes, I love papa when he's drunk, don't you, Susie ?

## LOYAL TO THE LAST.

"I was raised with you," said the umbrella to the dress ; "we will go down together."

## HE WAS A MUTE.

"How are you feeling this morning?" said Culpepper to a stranger who walked into his office yesterday.

The stranger produced a pencil and scrap of paper and wrote, "I can't complain."

## BLIND MENTALLY.

HARRIS.—How are you feeling this morning, Simms ?

SIMMS.—Just as I do always, "out of sight."

HARRIS.—Oh, yes, "out of mind."

## PARTIALLY BURIED.

BLOSSOM—My wife has a habit of weeping and wailing and gnashing her teeth when I come home late from the club, but she had to cut it short last night.

BLOOMER—How was that ?

BLOSSOM—Well, I arrived a little intoxicated and she started in, as usual, weeping and wailing, but when she attempted to gnash her teeth she found she had left them on the bureau, and all she could do was to gnash her gums. She got such poor satisfaction and made such an ugly face that I said, "Wife (hic), you don't look gnasheral (hic)." She came that near to dying that she buried her face in the cover.

## HINESHIMER'S GREAT HEAD.

HINESPINE—That makes the third time you haf mofed this year. Are you grazy ?

HINESHIMER—No, Moses, I am not grazy. They say three moofes is equal to a fire, and the insurance combanies are getting so suspicous I thought I had better mofe. Business was bad and somethinks must be done.

## NOT STANDARD MEASURE.

CHICAGO BOY—Pa, the 'rithmetic I'm studyin' says three feet make a yard. That ain't right, is it ?

CHICAGO PA—Yes, to be sure it is.

CHICAGO BOY—I can't see how that can be, two of Emma's feet make the biggest kind of yard.

## A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE.

MR. LIGHTWEIGHT—Do you believe that women can endure more than men?

MRS. HEAVYWEIGHT—Indeed I do; there are but few men could stand most of the husbands.

## CAUGHT PLAYING OUT OF HIS TURN.

A lady passed Smith on the street; she looked back and he turned and looked after her. His wife came along and asked him what he meant by it. He said he thought that "one good turn deserved another."

## HAD SUFFICIENT REASON FOR HIS DISLIKE.

FOLSOM—I hate the sight of that man Barnes.

DEHAVEN—I can't see why, he is a pleasant looking man.

FOLSOM—He collects for my tailor.

DEHAVEN—Oh!

## A GIRL WORTH KNOWING.

SALES—There goes a miss that is as good as a mile.

SUMMERS—Why, how do you mean?

SALES—Well, she is the daughter of old man Peterson, and he owns three thousand acres of bluegrass land.

## HASN'T MET HER MATCH.

HARRY—Miss Spinster, do you believe in marriage?

MISS SPINSTER—Yes, when you find your ideal; now I am hard to suit. I believe in the old adage, "None but the brave deserve the fair." When I marry, the man must be the "bravest of the brave."

HARRY—Yes, he'd have to be.

## ON THE MOVE.

ESCOTT—Why, Jones, nearly every time I see you you live in a different house; why is that?

HENDERSON—Well, my boy, to succeed in this life you have to keep moving.

## GIRL WITH GLASS EYES.

MABEL—You look so much better with your glasses.

PEARL—Yes, that's what I bought them for.

*George Griffith Fetter.*

## SELECTED HUMOR.



SPOKEN ALOUD.

ELBERT—(*who sees the old gentleman's shadow*)—Of course I disobeyed my father in going fishing, but when he finds out that I have taken a nice string to Mr. Cutley, who holds our farm mortgage, I think he'll not chide me.—*Judge's Library*.

WEARYMAN—By Jove! I should like to have been Columbus.

MERRIMAN—Then you would have missed this celebration.

WEARYMAN—That's the reason I wish it.—*Exchange*.

### REASSURING.

MR. FARGONE—O-Doctor! I would give half I'm worth if you could only tell what is the matter with me.

DOCTOR—My good man, don't worry about that. I shall make a post mortem examination.—*Town Topics*.

RAGGED RUSKIN—Did yeh hear 'bout de scare Tired Tradles got when de cholera was 'round?

WEARY WALTON—No.

RAGGED RUSKIN—He got so scared dat he went in for cleaning hisself for a week, to prevent his catching it.—*Town Topics*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**"EMMETT BONLORE."** By Opie Read. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co. In the preface of this book, the author says that the characters in it are drawn from life. It is easy to believe that some of them are. The story is merely an excuse for an assemblage of characters, some of them so real that the reader feels a personal acquaintance with them before he has read many pages. The stuttering printer, Bill Blahead, is inimitable. The author most happily describes him as "a man with a face of thoughtful comedy." There is one regrettable circumstance connected with him, and that is that there is not more made of him. His love affair was such a barren thing, and so soon came to an inglorious termination, that one can not help wondering why it was ever mentioned.

The Mr. Zilwick of the book is a near relation of the "Kentucky Colonel." He is not the same individual, but he belongs to the family, and is a close kinsman.

The minor personages that appear in the pages are tantalizingly interesting. Mr. Read seems to labor under an embarrassment of riches in the way of conception of character. There is enough material in this book for two or three good novels. Lit Potts and his wife, John McAmie, Bicknel, and Fred Hamlin—these, and more, have too prominent characteristics to be merely figures in the background.

But Mr. Read has failed as he did in "The Kentucky Colonel," in the delineation of women. Della Kennelbrue, as she is described, never existed. Reland, the heroine, is spoken of as the "one altogether lovely and chief among ten thousand," but the reader has only the author's word for it, for she is not much more than a lay figure necessary to drape sentiment about. The first love scene between her and Bonlore is rather startling. The hero makes his declaration of love in the briefest possible way, to which the heroine responds fluently:

"Emmett, there never was a deeper love than the love that I give you. I have always felt perfect confidence, never believing that any one could come between us. It is a love that casts out all fear."

Now a woman might feel all this and more, but she would not make a set speech at the very opening of the campaign. She would reserve it till later.

But it is scarcely worth while to make criticisms of so thoroughly readable a book. Received through Louisville Book Company.

**"CHARACTERISTICS."** By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Most people who have read these sketches in the *Century* will be glad they are put in book form. This collection of psychological studies is to be read and re-read. A first perusal is merely an introduction. Take "the man with too much memory," for instance, and it will be found he grows in interest. The suggestion of death being a "vertigo of remembrances," opens up possibilities that are fascinating, but terrifying.

Some of the definitions in the work are excellent, viz.: "A happy fool is better than an unhappy wise man." "A poet is a man with buttons to his mental garments, and no button holes. He is always fumbling at the impossible." Received through Flexner Brothers, Louisville, Ky.

**"THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT."** By Mark Twain. A laugh may be a frightful thing. Terror and comedy sometimes go hand in hand. The character of "The man who laughs," by Victor Hugo, is one of the most harrowing things in all literature. It shows what a terrific force even the mere semblance of ridicule has. An English parliamentarian once advocated some measure in the House of Commons, and he exclaimed to his supporters:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, don't let them laugh! If they do, all is over!"

Charles Dickens made some governmental features ridiculous, and the laughter from the people went a great way toward abolishing them.

But laughter is a necessity pure and simple. The Americans have a greater sense of humor than any other nation. Their peculiarity of seeing the ridiculousness of a fact or circumstance is proverbial. But they do not laugh enough. A satirical, cynical, or even an amused smile, is a different thing from a laugh that is evoked by a spirit of pure mirthfulness. Therefore, any man who writes pure, wholesome humor, without a taint of vulgarity, or the blemish of making light of sacred things—that man is a public benefactor. The every day grind of life is so

hard, the routine so wearisome, that a relaxation of mental muscle, coming from a hearty, innocent laugh, is most blessed.

This new book of Mr. Clemens is a romance, in which the old-time, well-known Col. Sellers re-appears. Mrs. Sellers declares him to be "the same old scheming, generous, good-hearted, moon-shiny, hopeful, no-account failure he always was." And she certainly ought to know.

He appears in a new role in this volume; that of a claimant to an English earldom. The son of the real English Earl Rossmore is a young man with democratic tendencies and iconoclastic views, who throws away his own hopes of rightful succession and comes to America to "seek his fortune"—which he does not find, but he meets Sallie Sellers (otherwise Lady Gwendoline Rossmore) with whom he falls in love and marries, thus making everything right all around. The story, as a story, is bright and entertaining. The struggles of the young Englishman to affiliate with his uncongenial companions and very difficult environments is exceedingly well told.

Of course the book abounds in delicious "Twain-isms." Whom else would ever have thought of the ridiculous incident of "preserving the ashes of the deceased?"

This young earl is supposed to have been burned in a hotel fire. Though he considers this young man a base usurper, Col. Sellers is determined to do his duty by a kinsman, erring though he may be. So he visits the scene of the conflagration, with the intention of gathering up the ashes of the departed one, in order that they may be sent to the home of the bereaved parent in England. Here a difficulty arises. There are three different spots where the remains of the departed may lie. First, the place where the newspapers have decided they must repose; second, where the unhappy young man would have been if he was suffocated in his own room; and the third, where he would have met his fate had he attempted to escape through a side door. The Colonel gets around the difficulty by taking some from each spot, and decides to send a basketful at a time to the sorrowing father, giving him the opportunity of burying his son in installments.

The author's description of Col. Seller's pictures is capital.

"Whoever got his eye on one of them was like to gaze and suffer till he died—you have seen that kind of picture. Some of these works were landscapes, some libeled the sea, some were ostensible portraits, all were crimes."

There are shrewd touches in the story, beside the humor and the interest of the narration of events. One saying might be called "A hint to advertisers." Speaking of an actress, the writer says:

"People went to see her play because her name was familiar, but they don't know what made it familiar, because they do not remember."

And, again, in speaking of certain class of persons, he says:

"They leave out the factor of human nature. Requiring other men to do what they would not want to do themselves."

Received through Flexner Brothers, Louisville.

"*MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.*" By Claude Tillier. Published by Price-McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn. This book was said by Charles Monselet to have "no equivalent in the literature of this century." And the translator (Benjamin R. Tucker) declares it to have been a buried treasure. The story excites an intense interest in the man who wrote it. His personality permeates every page. It is always he who says the things that are put in the mouths of the characters in the book. It is the author who remarks:

"Man must love something. The dragoon who has no mistress loves his horse; the young girl who has no lover loves her bird; the prisoner can not love his jailer, so he loves the spider that spins its web in the window of his cell, or the fly that comes down to him in a ray of sunlight. When we find nothing animate to absorb our affections, we love material objects—a ring, a snuff box or a flower. The Dutchman feels a passion for his tulips, and the antiquary for his cameos."

And it is also the writer who says: "A man's eyes are made less for seeing than for weeping."

Yet there is much of humor, and of wit in this story. The reader is inclined to believe the words of the translator true, when he says:

"This author lived and died early in the nineteenth century, and will be famous early in the twentieth."

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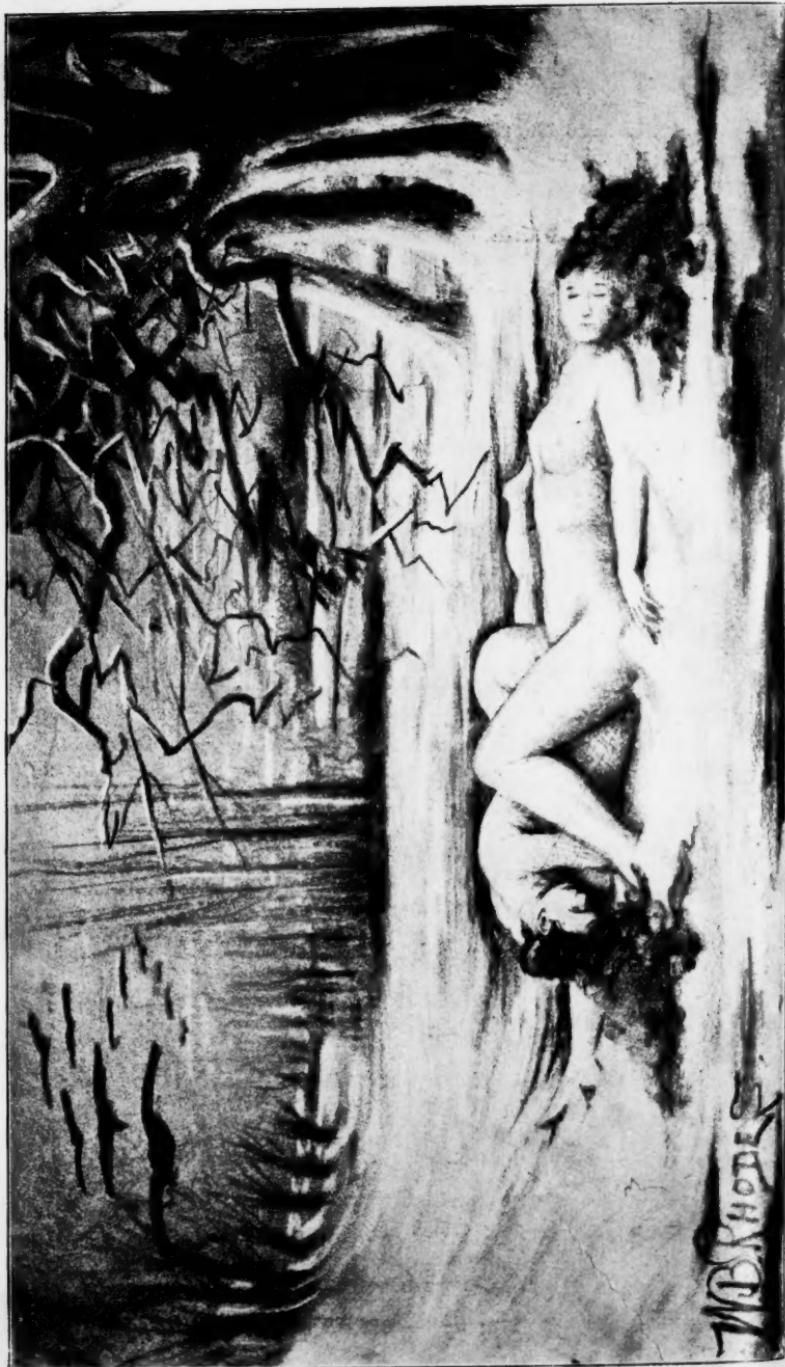
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Engraved from Original Drawing by W. Brunswick Rhodes.  
THE AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SCENES FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.—(Page 438.)